The Nation.

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The Week.

Mr. Taft's speech at the dinner of the Commercial Club in Cincinnati last Thursday night was excellent. The mixture of good humor, modesty, and serious purpose was admirably fitted to produce the right effect. Mr. Taft said nothing new, nothing which he himself had not said many times during the campaign, but the reiteration, not by a candidate but by a President-elect, has great weight and hits the temper of the country perfectly. People will be confident, after the election, that what they hoped before is true—namely, that the new President is a calm and sagacious man, who will preside with firmness, yet with intelligence and caution, over a nation facing a struggle back to normal conditions in industry and finance. We believe that recovery was on the way, in any event. Bryan's election would probably have checked it for a time, how long it is impossible to say. Yet there can be no doubt that Mr. Taft's success at the polls, with his reaffirmation of his determination to allow no obstacle to be placed in the way of honest enterprise, will help the natural process of restoration. Sentiment has so large a place even in business affairs! If men fear that they are going to be ruined, often they *are* ruined. On the other hand, if there is a general expectation of better times, the higher courage and the brighter hope will do much to make the times better. It is in the light of these elementary truths that Mr. Taft's speech appears so reassuring.

Not the least gratifying feature of the election was the complete frustration of the hopes which Bryan pinned to the labor vote. People express surprise that organized labor could not be "delivered" by Gompers *et al.*, but when was it ever delivered? The uniform history of attempts to make or break candidates at the word of command by labor leaders, shows that, in this country at least, the thing cannot be done. Rival leaders always jealously spring up to contest the right to speak for the organization; the members suspect personal motives or pecuniary corruption; divisions and recriminations ensue, and the whole affair breaks down. Gompers ought to know, for he has tried the same plan before, against Mr. Littlefield and other Congressmen, and abjectly failed. His pitch of arrogance this year was only preliminary to the deepest humiliation he has yet experienced. He led Mr. Bryan to think that 80 per cent. of the labor vote would go to the Democratic candidate. No precise figures can be had, but judging by this city, nothing like that proportion went to Bryan. All of his grovelling before organized labor profited him nothing. Judge Taft's manly stand was both better morals and better politics.

Mr. Hearst cannot even claim to have defeated Bryan and Chanler; for the little fringe of votes which his personally conducted Independence League cast was negligible in the large result. This is a severe blow to an impudent charlatan, who has been boasting about the irresistible political power of his newspapers. He and his hirelings have talked as if, when his various newspapers spoke, 5,000,000 readers said amen, and 1,000,000 voters rushed to record their approval at the polls. That humbug is now exploded.

President Roosevelt did well to defer till after the election any public utterance on the attempt to appeal to religious prejudice against Mr. Taft in the campaign. This was a force subtly at work in many parts of the country, particularly in the Middle West, and if the result had been close, might easily have turned the balance against Mr. Taft in critical States. The fact was well known to newspaper correspondents and other sounders of public sentiment. They found many acknowledged instances of pious Republicans who would not vote for Mr. Taft because he was a Unitarian, and they suspected the existence of many more. Yet this was an issue which could hardly be much talked about while the campaign was in progress. Openly to attack or rebuke the ignorance and intolerance which would transform a Presidential election into a test of orthodoxy, might only have made matters worse. Mr. Taft's complete silence on the subject was both dignified and well-advised. It all along remained true, nevertheless, that one of the strongest grounds for the hopes of Mr. Bryan's friends lay in the appeal which was quietly made in his behalf on the score that he was a devout Trinitarian. There never was a more plausible or fetching campaign document than one which was circulated by the million in the West, and which dealt with Mr. Bryan as "the squarest Christian I ever knew." One page had a picture of "the little church by the cornfield," where gospel hymns were often sung to the leading of "Mr. Bryan's clear baritone voice." There was no mention of Mr. Taft or of Unitarianism, but the appeal was all the more taking for merely showing how good a Presbyterian Mr. Bryan was, and how good a Methodist his wife. This document fell in admirably with the class feeling which it was sought to arouse in Mr. Bryan's interest; for in many Western towns and villages, a Unitarian is looked upon not only as an infidel, but an aristocrat. This whole play upon religious prejudice was most artful; and it is one cause more for rejoicing that Mr. Bryan's defeat was so overwhelming that no one can say a single State was won for him by an appeal that ought never to be made.

In dismissing the matter as "an outrage," the President seems certain that it is a "foul slander" to affirm that a Roman Catholic, otherwise well fitted for the Presidency, could not be elected. We wish that the facts were so, but fear that they are not, as yet. Archbishop Ireland ought to be a good witness regarding anti-Catholic prejudice in politics; and he has recently testified on the other side. It is an ideal state of things which President Roosevelt assumes, not the actual world of inherited and inveterate theological animosities. They die hard. We have lately seen their ugly survival in England. And we strongly suspect that, if occasion arose in this country, we should see the unhappy spectacle repeated which Sydney Smith described, of politicians bawling that Protestantism was in danger, in order to get for themselves places and pensions. Yet the po-

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sitions which the President lays down are impregnable. With no established church or religious tests in our government, a candidate's or a President's private belief, or lack of one, ought never to be urged against him as a political argument. To prove this, Mr. Roosevelt did not need to cite the miscellaneous religions represented in his Cabinet. It is clear that the President has the broadest and most comprehensive spirit, theologically. We might well sigh, "Oh, si sic omnes!" but the late campaign shows that all are not so, and that we have yet much to do in this country before religious suspicions and jealousies and intolerance are banished from our politics.

By their votes on the divorce law referendum the citizens of South Dakota have materially helped to clear the American name of the disrepute into which "divorce mills" have brought it. The scandalously lax statutes do not represent public opinion any more truly than the "jokers" in corporation laws do. Like the latter, they have been foisted upon the public by interested parties. Once on the statute-books, only organized effort could expunge them. The evil had to cry out on the street in order to provoke its cure. It has cried out, and the South Dakotans have voted that divorce-seekers must live a year in the State and present their cases only at regular terms of the court. Although the new law seems to vary in some important details from the uniform statute drafted by the national divorce congress, it approaches the latter in spirit and effect. The first conspicuous result of the campaign against easy-going morality is surely not the last.

We fear that Representative Fowler of New Jersey is not the Jack to kill the Giant Cannon. A man of indisputable ability and of value in the House in matters financial, he cannot be compared in personal popularity to the "Old Man," as the Speaker is affectionately called. Indeed, as matters stand now, it will take hard work to defeat Mr. Cannon. His personal friends return to the House in troops, with the appeal, "Do not break the old man's heart by turning him down." It will be pointed out that his constituents rallied to him in extraordinary numbers, and that this is probably his last term. Moreover, the Speaker will have the remainder of the existing Congress in which to strengthen his fences. Even Senator La Follette, who has campaigned openly against Cannon, and is pushing Congressman Cooper of Wisconsin for the Speakership, only ventures to prophesy that Mr. Cooper will "eventually succeed Cannon." Yet one part of Congressman Fowler's letter asking for votes against Mr. Cannon, has much force. Another term of so narrow and reactionary a Speaker would surely endanger the next House. In spite of the great sweep for Taft, the Republicans lost eight or ten Representatives; and in the elections of 1910, might easily lose control of the House entirely. This would prevent Mr. Taft as President from having a Congress in sympathy with him politically.

New York's United States Senators have been such a public disgrace that no change can fail to be for the better. Compared with Platt and Depew, Woodruff thinks that even he would appear a statesman. This has been the danger, regarding the election of Platt's successor. As in the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed is king, so after these years of horrible misrepresentation of the Empire State in the Senate at Washington, there was a chance that some brainless product of machine politics might set himself up as a fit candidate, only because he was not so unspeakable as Platt. But the confident mention of Secretary Root's name has already been taken, not only in the State, but throughout the country, as promising to end the intellectual and moral barrenness of New York's representation in the Senate. For sheer ability, no man stands higher in Washington. The keenest foreign ministers are more impressed by his mental power than by that of any other member of the government. In two high offices—the War Department and the Department of State—he has displayed his qualities of broad comprehension and penetrating analysis, combined with an extraordinary business faculty. In point of equipment for duties in the upper house—provided his health be firm—Mr. Root would overtop any Senator New York has had since Evarts. The only questions to be raised are those respecting his political eligibility and his activities and affiliations as a corporation lawyer. But whatever the final choice of the Legislature, the discussion of the Senatorial succession has done good. It has brought out the fact that the people are in no mind to see the Taft and Hughes victory in this State "tapered down to Tim," or any other nonentity. The signs are bright now that New York will insist upon having a Senator who can hold his head up among his fellows, and enable her to hold her head up among her sister States.

The murder of ex-Senator Carmack because of editorial utterances displeasing to the murderer and his father, is but another illustration of that intolerance of criticism, free thought, and free speech which remains in the South as a heritage of slavery. It is five years since Mr. Gonzalez, editor of the Columbia, S. C., *State*, was similarly butchered by Lieut.-Gov. Tillman; and since then there have been other cases, in which the principals were of lesser political or social importance. Sooner or later, the whole South must come to a realization of the injury such crimes do, for the progressive minority is already awake to the facts. But as this latest murder shows, the road to enlightenment and tolerance is yet long and arduous. The newspapers of last Tuesday reported that twelve men had "met death in Birmingham, Alabama, by pistols within the last eight days." The county in which this city is situated is known to fame as having annually more murders than occur in a year in the entire British Isles. Of what use are courts and law officers if private vengeance is to be supreme?

The conviction of Charles W. Morse and Alfred H. Curtis, on the charges of misappropriating funds and falsifying accounts in the National Bank of North America in this city, is a fit sequel to the panic of 1907; and the exemplary sentence of fifteen years' imprisonment, for Morse, the chief offender, is severe but, we believe, salutary. The penalty has not been hastily imposed in the heat of excitement and anger aroused by the panic itself. A year has elapsed; and the fury which is determined to find some scapegoat, no matter whom, has died out. Mr. Morse did not cause the panic, in the sense that no such disaster would have occurred without his peculiar activities; but that

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those exploits immediately precipitated the catastrophe there can be no dispute. His punishment should be a sharp warning, not only to speculating bank owners and officers, but to financial adventurers like those who on the witness stand last month confessed with cynical effrontery their participation in Morse's speculations, at a time when every well-informed man knew how Morse had obtained the money for these ventures. We believe also that the conviction and sentence carry their warning to others than the group of stockjobbers who victimized this particular chain of banks, and shared in this particular gamble on the Stock Exchange. During seven years past, the public has had repeated evidence of use of fiduciary funds, directly or indirectly, to promote the reckless speculations of millionaire operators who control great institutions. The diversion of life insurance surpluses to such base uses is an old story; but it is not the only one. We do not suppose that the officers of powerful banking institutions which equipped the great Wall Street speculations of 1899 and 1901 and 1906 resorted to the clumsy practices of Morse and Curtis; but the moral responsibility of these bankers is much the same as that of the unlucky culprits in the Bank of North America, who transgressed the law and were caught.

The death of ex-President Palma will not ripple the political waters in Cuba. A man of mediocre ability, he was chosen President because he appeared to be safe and sane, and, owing to his long residence in the United States, free from party entanglements. The collapse of his government in the autumn of 1906 was really pitiful. It is only fair to say, however, that his life had been threatened by men now living in Havana, and that his Cabinet had proved treacherous to him. Perfectly honest himself, he could not detect the dishonest even in his immediate neighborhood. But as the work of reconstructing Cuba has gone on, the Americans who are in charge of it have been compelled to ask themselves whether the impossible was not demanded of Palma. Certain it is that the reorganization by Gen. Wood had not been thorough enough. What Cuba needed most of all was modern laws under which the people might become accustomed to free institutions. Now under Gov. Magoon the right laws have been drawn, but our troops are to leave in February before the American officials themselves have had a chance to see how the laws work in practice. It will take a President of great force and ability to run the new machinery and keep the repaired ship of state afloat.

Whenever Europe is passing through a critical time, the Guildhall speech of the English Prime Minister is waited for with peculiar interest. Mr. Asquith's remarks Monday night, at the inauguration of the new Lord Mayor of London, were distinctly reassuring. He forecast the speedy rolling away of the war clouds in the Balkans. With friendly words for Turkey and Austria, Russia and France, he did not fail to assume a conciliatory attitude towards Germany. The Prime Minister bore testimony to the spirit of friendship which the Kaiser had shown on his visit to England a year ago, and also in all the diplomatic negotiations that had followed, and protested against the notion that there was any movement in Europe to "isolate" Germany. This, however, will not prevent Germans from believing that they are isolated, diplomatically; and they will see fresh proof in the significant sentence appended to the French note on the Casablanca affair, that Great Britain and Russia were aware of the contention of France, and cordially supported it. All the sharper, therefore, have been the questions put to Prince Bülow in the Reichstag. To the proceedings and speeches in that body, the attention of Europe is now transferred.

"I represent the better minority, the Germans who love peace," declared the Kaiser in his famous interview in the London *Telegraph*. But his most devoted followers, the Conservative party, emphatically deny that he represents them at least. He cannot dismiss Baron von Marteuffel's stinging reproof as the malevolence of an enemy. The men who have stood by the Kaiser through thick and thin "express the reverential wish that greater reserve be displayed in the future" in the Imperial utterances, "which not infrequently bring our foreign politics into a difficult situation." And when in the Reichstag on Tuesday he was the general target for a fierce assault, the Chancellor was forced to reply that the Emperor would in future "exercise the reserve which, in the interest of a uniform policy and the authority of the crown, is indispensable. If this proves not to be so, neither I nor any one of my successors could take the responsibility." The Kaiser seems temperamentally incapable of heeding this warning, but he can scarcely fail to perceive in it the drift of his people toward responsible parliamentarism. If his meddling with foreign affairs is at last frightening even those who worship him as the appointed of God, the chances for a ministry responsible to the Reichstag have suddenly improved. If that comes, the Kaiser may flatter himself that he did more than anybody else to accomplish such a result.

In dealing with the difficult question of the unemployed, careful investigation and thorough sifting of vague assertions are the beginning of wisdom. This was well shown in the debate in the Commons, on the government's proposals for the relief of the unemployed. Keir Hardie produced some astounding figures of the number of men out of work. By a system of deduction from reports of trades unions, he concluded that 750,000 skilled men were out of employment. But it could "safely be set down," he said, that the number of unskilled workmen was twice as great, namely, 1,500,000. This calculation gave 2,250,000 men out of a job; and by a "very moderate estimate" of those dependent upon them, the appalling total of 6,750,000 as the real number of people involved. But these figures were riddled in the reply by John Burns. He showed that every test of statistics discredited Mr. Hardie's swollen statement, and contended that, to accede to the demands made in the name of humanity and the duty of the state, would "make for universal bankruptcy in the interest of universal loafers." Mr. Balfour intervened in the debate to charge that the high percentage of the unemployed was "largely due to the want of confidence inspired by the government." But Mr. Asquith silenced him by showing that the figures were "much higher" in 1879, under the Tory government of Lord Beaconsfield, and also in 1887 when Salisbury was Prime Minister.

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A TRIUMPH OF INDEPENDENCE.

That the election of 1908 establishes a high-water mark of independent thinking and voting, is, all in all, its most gratifying feature. If the returns mean anything, it is that the old cry of "the party, right or wrong," has lost most of its potency. Of this fact there is evidence on all sides. Every one is acquainted with life-long Republicans or Democrats who for the first time supported candidates of another party. The old fear of splitting a ticket has disappeared—witness the extraordinary variety of ballots which delayed the count in Ohio. The man who deliberately bolts his party's nominees is no longer stigmatized. The respectability of independence is now well established.

The wholesale voting against Bryan in the four States which went for Taft but chose Democratic Governors is, of course, the most striking indication of the progress we have made since the Blaine-Cleveland campaign of 1884. The voters who have grown up since then cannot realize the bitterness with which the original Mugwumps were assailed for their "treachery" to the Republican party. Carl Schurz, George William Curtis, and the other leaders of the movement were vilified from one end of the country to the other. In stalwart party organs, like the New York *Tribune*, they were described as "perverts" who had "set up a new standard of private morality and civic virtue." Such attacks can no longer be made on the armies of those who choose their candidates because of character rather than party tags. No newspaper to-day would, like the Chicago *Tribune* of 1884, speak of political independents as "brawling Pharisees and canting hypocrites." As a matter of fact, too, the influence and circulation of the independent newspapers have grown steadily, and it is the hidebound party organ which to-day is held in contempt.

But the extent of the independence displayed in this election is more significant than the mere vote against Bryan. For it must be remembered that, if there was much bolting in 1896, there was then great public excitement; the duty of defeating Bryan was urged as an act of the highest patriotism. This year there was no such appeal. The vote against Bryan was not due to any single and threatening heresy. It was a deliberate verdict upon the man himself, all of his beliefs, and his character, as revealed during the last twelve years. We should have had every reason to be proud of the electorate's discrimination and judgment had we nothing to record beyond this anti-Bryan vote. But many other instances may be cited to prove the emancipation of the voters. In almost every State, the man behind the ballot proved his ability to see through the pretences of demagogues, the wiles of politicians, the humbug of partisan pleas, and to act for himself.

The most amusing example comes from Georgia, which had a Vice-Presidential candidate in the defender of lynching, John Temple Graves. Time was when the Georgia newspapers displayed considerable uneasiness over the Hearst-Hisgen campaign. But when the votes were counted, Mr. Graves rejoiced in the suffrages of precisely *eighty-five* of his fellow-Georgians. More inspiring was the success of Judge Ben B. Lindsey, in Denver, against both machines, all the bosses, and corrupt corporations by no less than 10,000 votes. The choice in Cincinnati of Henry T. Hunt, a Democrat, and a graduate of Yale, less than thirty years of age, as prosecuting attorney, in the face of the opposition of Boss Cox, showed that there, too, the rascals could not carry off a minor office by howling for the national ticket. In Delaware, the virtues of a minor candidate were recognized in the hurly-burly of a Presidential campaign by the choice of a Democrat, Andrew G. Gray, son of Judge Gray, as attorney-general, in the face of a Republican majority of 2,500. In New Hampshire, Taft received 20,000 majority, but Quinby, the machine candidate for Governor, only 5,000. In Michigan, Taft ran 127,500 votes ahead of the Republican candidate for Governor; and in Illinois 175,000 votes ahead of Bryan, while Gov. Deneen had but 20,000 more than Adlai E. Stevenson. In Missouri, conditions were reversed: Hadley, a Republican, was elected Governor by 17,000, while Taft went in by only 4,200. Here in New York, aside from the triumph of Hughes, the election to Congress of Senator Foelker, and the defeat for re-election by 800 votes of Senator Wemple, who opposed the anti-gambling bills, are pointed illustrations of the new political conditions our bosses find it so hard to understand. Wemple was beaten by 800 votes in a district that went 4,000 for Hughes—plain proof that he misrepresented his constituency last spring. Indeed, we could fill several columns with cases that are quite as striking.

Surely, these results assert anew the vigor of our citizenship and the essential wisdom of our electors. They should afford fresh inspiration to reformers everywhere by their convincing demonstration that American voters are exercising more intelligence and discrimination than ever before.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

Talk of reorganizing the Democratic party is inevitable after such a defeat. Little of it, however, has gone beyond generalities and platitudes. These it is, of course, difficult to avoid. When you say that, in a country where government by party is established, there is need of a strong Opposition, to which rule can safely be entrusted in case those in power prove recreant, you have merely stated an undisputed thing. Everybody agrees to the principle. It is only over the application that differences arise. Yet we must be concrete—even personal—if we are to get on a single step; and granting that, for its own sake and the good of the nation, the Democratic party ought to be strengthened, the first question is plainly that of leadership. It is necessary to decide, at the start, which Democratic leaders are to be cherished and followed, which to be discarded.

First among the latter, every clear-eyed Democrat places Mr. Bryan. The demonstration is complete that his party can never be restored to anything like its old strength so long as he continues to clutch the leadership. He said last week that he could not go out of politics, if he wished. That may be true; for even if, as has been suggested, he turn preacher and become a Methodist bishop—and a splendid one he would make!—he would still be a politician. But there ought to be some way of preventing the blight of his Presidential candidacy from defeating his party in advance once more. If Mr. Bryan were the devoted Democrat he professes to be, he would take himself out of the way. But since such self-abnegation is not to be expected, the South, in this matter, should take a prompt initiative. The Southern States are prac-

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tically the only ones left in the Democratic electoral column, yet it is probable that nowhere is Mr. Bryan more distrusted and disliked. Southern leaders speak of him with the greatest bitterness, yet in three campaigns they have lain down before him. It is now time that they made a stand. Their plain warning that he can never again have the votes of Southern delegates in the national convention, would go far toward removing the incubus of his possible candidacy.

Coming nearer home, the need is urgent of getting rid here in New York of the men who have aspired to lead, but who have actually wrecked, the Democratic party—the brutal and illiterate Conners, the treacherous and greedy Murphy. If these creatures had been successful, they would have remained abhorrent to honest men; defeated and discredited, they should speedily be ousted from party control. In their case, reorganization of the Democracy means something like fumigation. Thousands of Democrats would hail the expulsion of such vermin. Some of them, we understand, are already conferring about the best way in which to tackle the job. The lately and quietly formed "Cleveland Democracy" in this city seems to have been intended not merely for the campaign, but for the time of party purification afterwards. The work must be undertaken by somebody. Just as Democratic success in the nation is impossible with Bryan at the head of the party, so is it in New York until Conners and Murphy be made to walk the plank.

Signs of party cheer are not wanting in the West. In the very moment of repudiating Bryan, the Democratic party gained several Representatives in Congress, with one United States Senator, and won notable victories in critical gubernatorial contests. The election of Judson Harmon as Governor of Ohio shows how Democratic and independent votes can be got for a man of ability, character, and steady convictions. In Indiana, too, the Democratic party proved that it was regarded as an eligible alternative to the Republican, when the people desired to rebuke and expel the latter. Gov. Johnson in Minnesota displayed his extraordinary hold upon the confidence of the best people of his State, by winning his reëlection with a majority of 27,000, although the State went for Taft by 90,000. If either Johnson or Harmon had been the Presidential nominee in place of Bryan, the story of last week would have been very different.

The moral of their success is the lesson for Democratic reorganizers. What is wanted is, first, clean and enlightened leadership, such as Gov. Johnson's or Judson Harmon's, and then a clear and honest appeal to the average decent citizenship. We have had enough of trying to win by truckling to the labor vote, or scheming to get the gamblers' vote, or boasting of the support of ruffians. On top of disgrace, that has only brought defeat. To reorganize means to exorcise the evil men and the evil doctrines which have steadily pulled down the Democratic party from its prestige under Tilden and Cleveland.

THE BATTLESHIPS AGAIN.

It is difficult for a layman to follow the ins and outs of the battle of the battleships. Not long ago it was announced that the Newport conference of naval officers, called last summer to take action on the charges of defective construction brought by Henry Reuterdahl and Commanders Sims, Hill, and Key, had found most of the complaints well-grounded, but had refused to order radical changes because of cost and delay. An official summary of the findings, published on Saturday, must, however, have produced on the average man the impression that the plans were, in the main, satisfactory, though in a number of specific instances the critics of the present plans were upheld.

The fact is that in the designs of the new Delaware and North Dakota many defects were admitted; but to remedy them all would have cost an enormous sum, particularly in the case of the North Dakota, which was launched Tuesday, and would probably have delayed the ships for a year. For instance, the conference voted that the five-inch battery of this vessel was too low to be used efficiently in "*ordinary trade-wind weather*"; yet this is the battery relied upon for defence against torpedo attacks. Commander Key's particular plan for the mounting of these guns was rejected, but his criticism that they were also protected by armor that was too thin, as well as wrongly placed, was upheld; for the conference recommended that in the Florida and Utah, the latest monsters, there be eight inches of armor instead of five. And Commander Key's contention that the No. 3 twelve-inch turret should not be set between the engine and boiler rooms, with the powder magazine completely enveloped in steam pipes, was sustained to the extent of urging that in future designs no magazine be allowed so close to steam pipes. The conference also sided with Commander Key in the matter of splinter-proof armor for ventilators and the inferior calibre of the main battery guns as contrasted with those of the newest English ships; and condemned the location of the twelve-inch turret No. 4 on the North Dakota and the Delaware.

As to the armor belt, Commander Key was not supported in his argument that it should be five feet below the water-line, and at least eight inches above. The conference voted to place the belt six feet below the water-line, but adopted the following resolution:

> Resolved, That the lower edge of the main water line armor belt should be placed with reference to that water line at which the ship is most likely to float when engaging in battle.

The significance of this decision appears from the fact that Rear-Admiral Evans maintains, with Mr. Reuterdahl, that the armor belt was too low, and Rear-Admiral Sperry reported that several of his ships show an overdraught of about two feet at full load. Where does this testimony leave Rear-Admiral Brownson and the other chiefs of bureaus who have so strenuously maintained that our vessels were beyond improvement? That officer asserted on December 21 last year that the Reuterdahl charges were "ill-natured, ill-considered, and absolutely untrue in all important particulars"; and added his belief that "our water-line armor theory and practice are correct." He will hardly ascribe to ill-will or ill-nature the fact that 90 per cent. of the officers of Rear-Admiral Sperry's fleet approved the criticisms of Commander Key. To the outsider, then, the result of the Newport conference seems clearly to indicate that the honors of the engagement rest with the critics; and the votes of the conference advising no alterations in plans of ships now under way are merely a refusal to interfere seriously with their progress and to increase their estimated cost.

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In view of these facts, it is vain to affirm, as some of the newspapers do, that the North Dakota is so infinitely superior to the Dreadnought as to make comparisons impossible. Her armor and two of her turrets are misplaced, a magazine is encased in steam pipes, her secondary battery is unusable in ordinary trade winds, her armor for those guns three inches too light, her ventilators and uptakes insufficiently protected, her main guns admittedly inferior to those of English ships of her class. To apply superlatives to such a ship is ridiculous—particularly as she is to have only a twenty-knot speed. The English Invincible made twenty-eight knots on Saturday for a period of eight hours, and has run twenty-five knots an hour with only seven-tenths of her power. But, then, as we are giving our new torpedo-boat destroyers only 29½ knots, from three to five knots less speed than the new British and German boats of this type, it doubtless seems to our mossback Navy Department quite proper to have battleships eight knots slower than those of the British Admiralty.

THE RETIREMENT OF PRESIDENT ELIOT.

The announcement that President Eliot is to retire next March will come as a shock to thousands of persons who have never even seen University Hall. The country has come to look upon him as a great natural force, like the Gulf Stream, unwearied by the flight of time, unworn by incessant activity. Yet at the age of seventy-five even the strongest man is entitled to throw off some of his burdens. This is not the occasion to review President Eliot's career as a whole; for he has, we trust, years of beneficent toil still ahead of him; our purpose is merely to touch on a few of the aspects of his administration at Harvard, and the causes which have made his the most notable career in the history of American education.

President Eliot would be the first to point out that he was fortunate in both the place and time of his labors. Harvard was the oldest college in the United States; it had the longest tradition of culture; it was at the centre of the most highly educated and thoroughly civilized part of the Union. Then, too, he assumed the presidency in 1869, just at the beginning of that period of enormous agricultural and industrial expansion which followed the civil war. America was growing rich rapidly, and Harvard has shared this prosperity. Other colleges have also had their part in this general advancement: why has Harvard taken the lead? Why is it the foremost university in America to-day? There can be but one answer: Because President Eliot has displayed in extraordinary measure the qualities of a great leader. The graduates of Harvard, in their letter on his seventieth birthday, said: "With prophetic insight you anticipated the movements of thought and life; your face was toward the coming day." This is perhaps the best definition of a leader—a man who sees in the long march of events the coming of the inevitable, and sets himself to hasten it.

President Eliot foresaw the coming of the elective system. It had, indeed, already come, here and there, in a limited way. Many educators, however, were not aware of the fact; others caught half-glimpses of the movement and stubbornly—shall we say blindly?—resisted it. He perceived the impending revolution and unhesitatingly cast his influence for it. He was quick to observe that, with the development of scientific research in its many branches, with the quickening interest in historical studies and economics, in the fine arts, and in modern languages—that under these circumstances the old hard and fast curriculum was bound to break down; that it had broken down. No college could pretend to minister to the intellectual needs of mankind which confined its students to the narrow round of the classics, mathematics, cut-and-dried philosophy, and a smattering of physics and chemistry. The new wine was bursting the old bottles. President Eliot dared greatly. Under a storm of criticism he boldly converted Harvard into an experimental laboratory for the application of the elective system. That experiment has not yet ended. We may not have mastered all the principles involved; we are still overwhelmed by the mass of details to be coördinated and subordinated. But whatever final results the centuries may bring, we can say now that President Eliot achieved a success which astonished his supporters and confounded his opponents. Practically all the colleges of America have followed the example which he set at Harvard.

The elective system is based on the theory that the best educational product is to be obtained only when student and teacher enjoy the widest intellectual freedom; and to this theory President Eliot has adhered with unswerving consistency. Indeed, he is often accused of pushing it to extremes. The student is allowed unrestricted range in the choice of courses; the professor's academic freedom has, as President Eliot himself once expressed it, been subject to only two limitations, "those of courtesy and honor." Then, too, in picking his faculty the president has followed a policy equally liberal. He has never shown that suspicion or dread of unusual intelligence, that predilection for mediocrity, which marks some of our heads of universities. He has selected the ablest men he could find, whether graduates of Harvard or not, and Harvard has thus escaped the blight of inbreeding. And all these policies have been carried out with wonderful executive skill—keen judgment of men, grasp of detail, foresight, patience, steadiness, and tolerance.

To find a man who can fill President Eliot's place is, of course, impossible. His attention to public questions and his utterances on such subjects as labor and its rights have made him the foremost private citizen of the United States. But it will take a long time for the next president of Harvard to establish such a reputation. Even the administrative work will have to be rearranged; for the giants who can lift the load to which his shoulders have grown accustomed are few. Nor are Harvard's problems all solved. The practical application of the elective system is full of difficulties. The system has been abused at Harvard and elsewhere. Small institutions of limited resources, ambitious to present an imposing list of courses in the catalogue, have sacrificed the instruction in the old studies with well developed disciplines, in order to spread the teaching thin over a broad field. If Harvard has been able to escape this form of enfeeblement and demoralization, it has had other troubles to contend with. Committees of the faculty are still trying to devise means by which students shall not divide and dissipate their energies in too many directions, or shall not slip

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through on "soft" courses and practically avoid all study. These, however, are minor matters; for if Harvard can maintain a distinguished faculty, can make the conditions of life and teaching at Cambridge so attractive as to draw to service there the finest minds and characters in America, the rest will be comparatively easy. This, then, is one of the most formidable tasks of President Eliot's successor. To accomplish it will mean, as the letter of resignation puts it, both "greater labors and satisfactions."

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

It is not often that one meets in current German fiction a work untainted by the decadent tendencies of the young generation, and yet in harmony with the spirit of the time. The latest novel by Carl Hauptmann, who is lecturing in this country under the auspices of the Germanistic societies, answers this description. Though four years the senior of Gerhart Hauptmann, Carl did not make an impression on the public until after his brother had reached the climax of his power in "Hannele." Those who read Carl Hauptmann's philosophical treatise, "Die Metaphysik in der modernen Physiologie" (1893), little suspected that his next production was to be a play that would rank him as a rival of his famous brother. "Marianne" (1894) established his position, and his second drama, "Waldleute" (1895), more than fulfilled the promise of the earlier play. "Sonnenwanderer" (1896), a volume of poetical prose, or a collection of lyrical sketches rather than a work of fiction, justified all claims of his admirers. In this book the intimate sense of nature and the strong emotional quality had a ring of sincerity which differentiated it from the writing of the majority of his colleagues; for, while their outlook upon the world was circumscribed by the metropolis and was based upon the teachings of Nietzsche, Carl Hauptmann had come into close touch with the simple folk of his native soil and in the primitive phases of their life had begun to trace the eternal problems of the human race. With admirable force he succeeded in embodying the occult powers of nature in the sinister figure of the blacksmith in his "Bergschmiede" (1901). Against the background of the never-ending struggle for daily needs he gave us curious glimpses of the inner life of the people in his book of short stories, "Aus Hütten am Hange" (1902). Alternating with what might be called prose poems of a strange, elusive beauty, his portraits of the peddler, the shepherd, and the vagabond in "Miniaturen" (1904) stand out with a realism convincing but never repulsive. Upon a sympathetic understanding of the common people is also based the novel "Mathilde" (1902), a simple transcript from reality of a life which, though not without sin, contains an element of dignity and nobility.

The latest work by Carl Hauptmann, "Einhard der Lächler" (Berlin: Marquardt & Co.), sounds a strong personal note. It is not difficult to trace in the art of the hero, a painter whose delicacy of line and color irritates his more robust masters, elements derived from the author's own sensitive art. Nor is it improbable that the philosophy at which Einhard arrives after the painful struggles of his youth bears some resemblance to the poet's own reading of life. Though the story opens with that conflict between father and son, the subject of many recent works which are not inappropriately styled tragedies of youth, the character of Einhard is strongly differentiated from that of other rebels against the traditions and conventions of family and school. Einhard Selle is not so much a child of modern culture as of nature: witness his frequent flights into the wilderness and the solitude of mountains or moor. Indeed, he comes late to his Plato and Spinoza. Not a saint, but just a man human enough to feel his kinship with the lowliest, Einhard Selle, the artist whose *chef d'œuvre* is his life, the sage who meets every phase of his existence with the smile of acceptance, is a character of a quality rare in modern fiction. Upon the large canvas of the two volumes the author has limned the figures of men and women in all walks of life with the firm and sympathetic touch of one who knows and understands. Einhard's father, the man of duty who had dreamed but once in his life; the worthy provincial lithographer in whose shop Einhard is to learn to walk the straight and narrow path; the teachers and students at the academy; the golden-haired Dorothea, whose matter-of-fact attitude disillusions the sensitive artist—all are striking delineations. The action of the story, it must be added, lags towards the end.

The most original work of fiction recently published in Germany is "Die Insel der Seligen" (Berlin: S. Fischer), by Max Burkhardt, novelist, dramatist, and critic. It is a book full of surprises. When the reader in an early chapter is treated to double murder and robbery, he expects a contribution to picaresque fiction. As the trial is recorded with an intimate knowledge of technical details, the book approaches the *Tendenzroman;* for the defendant is convicted and sentenced to the death penalty on purely circumstantial evidence. But on the eve of the execution a Cabinet crisis raises to responsible ministerial positions men who are opponents of capital punishment, and who substitute deportation to a criminal colony established on one of the Dalmatian Islands. There the convicts are free to live and administer justice among themselves. The climax is reached when the father of the humanitarian scheme, the Minister of Justice himself, falls into disgrace and is deported to the scene of his experiment. There he finds that, though he had denied the right of the state to kill, in his colony the individuals themselves resort to the death penalty for offences against life and property. Serious as is the problem involved, humor enters largely into the treatment, and makes the curious book fascinating reading.

Hans von Hoffenthal's new novel, "Das Buch vom Jäger Mart" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.), did not severely tax the author's inventive powers; it is a familiar story, but charmingly told. The titled land-owner, covetous of the peasant neighbor's strip of soil needed to complete the outline of his estate, is an old acquaintance; so is the stubborn rustic, who even in the face of poverty will not cede a foot that had belonged to his forefathers. Nor is the friendship between their sons a novel feature. The interest rests solely in the sympathetic unfolding of the character of the son of the peasant. There is no ranting against the prerogatives of the aristocracy and against army life; yet the experiences of this youth, Martin Insam, are not without a serious message. The very happy ending, however, is too gross a concession to the taste of the average reader. Another subject that enjoys considerable attention from German novelists of the day is the nobleman in peasant garb. Such is the hero of the posthumous work of a woman hitherto hardly known outside of the magazine world of her Swiss home, Frau Maria Schlumpf. "Der Weibermann" (Egon Fleischel & Co.) merits the appreciative introduction by Ernst Zahn; for it is a book of unusual strength and singular simplicity. It speaks well for the author's gift of characterization that the reputation of her hero as *Weibermann* rests upon far more solid ground than the charms of the conventional "ladies' man." He is the friend and adviser of the women of his neighborhood, because they intuitively recognize the force of his character, and feel that his arm is to be relied upon in the hour of need. He has strength without hardness. The woman who is his counterpart has more hardness than strength. Headstrong, haughty, and passionate, Crescentia obeys solely the voice of her pride, while Wolfgang is the man of duty, and, above all, duty towards others. There is a third remarkable character in the book—Frau Lisabeth, widow of the *Hochbühlbauer*, not unwilling to pose as the woman needing a man's help in the management of her affairs, and yet resenting Wolfgang's quiet, masterful ways when he assumes the tasks imposed upon him

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by the deceased. The delicacy with which the author touches the eternal femininity of the sturdy *Hochbühlbäuerin* shows no little insight and admirable artistic tact. By far the most ambitious of these stories of rural life is Frau Clara Viebig's "Das Kreuz im Venn" (Egon Fleischel & Co.). Its five hundred pages suggest the large canvas and the broad treatment of her earlier works. Unlike "Einer Mutter Sohn" and "Absolvo te," this novel is concerned less with individual characters than with a whole community. Situated in a picturesque valley, with its vast stretches of lonely heather and silent pine forests, the town of Heckenbroich is periodically menaced by an epidemic of typhoid. But the simple peasant population and the native authorities protest against the establishment of waterworks, urged by a minority which is ready to accept innovations coming from a larger world. While the burgomaster places his trust in God and in the perfect wholesomeness of the waters of the Venn, and with his pious wife plans new and larger gifts to the church, the people drudge in the factory, and the convicts sent by the government to begin drainage work set about their tasks dumb and sullen as beasts beaten into submission. When the epidemic is finally over, the burgomaster is more popular than ever; for has not his wise economy saved the community from the unnecessary expense of establishing the waterworks? His trust in the power of the church, the only pillar of society, is stronger than before. Thus life in the village unfolds itself in scenes of striking contrasts, which give full play to the author's realistic manner.

Protest against the conventions of healthy bourgeois society is not a new note, but it enters unobtrusively yet effectively into the spirit of "Friede Wend," by Sofie Jansen (Egon Fleischel & Co.). The story is that of a child whose mother had trespassed against the hallowed traditions of her patrician family by marrying an artist. When the mother found that she could not strike root in the alien atmosphere of her husband's world in Düsseldorf, she returned with her child to the parental roof. The child, however, is made to suffer for the sins of the father it has never known. Friede feels that in the esteem of her numerous uncles and aunts, and even her grandmother, she is not on a footing with her cousins. When from her joyless girlhood she grows up to a hopeless womanhood, she is still thrust into the background, until one of the cousins, after long years of waiting, makes her his wife. But her child dies at birth, her health gives way, and she finally takes refuge in suicide. The strength of the work lies in graphic descriptions of life in the old house which seems a relic of the past, and is thus symbolical of the attitude of its inmates towards life. The ever-present family which is the chorus of Friede Wend's tragedy, presents a variety of types drawn from life with amazing skill. It is a first work that deserves notice. Margarete Böhme's new novel is no less original than her "Tagebuch einer Verlorenen," and is far more likely to be legitimately successful. "Apostel Dodenscheit" (Berlin: F. Fontane & Co.) is the story of a man who, like Friede Wend, has to suffer for the unfortunate marriage of his mother—the daughter of a Hamburg merchant-prince who had eloped with her dancing-master. The training which Kola Dodenscheit receives from the tutors appointed by his family and duly acquainted with his history, is of the kind that makes rebels. But, arrived at manhood and independent of the family, the rebel turns reformer. He who had never known happiness, now attempts to bestow it upon others. In his position as editor and lecturer in Berlin, that hotbed of new movements, he meets men and women equally devoted to ideals. Such types the author observes keenly and portrays admirably. The book is quite out of the ordinary both in matter and manner.

Among the very latest novelists to arrive, Otto Gysae shows a marked individuality. A seeker for unusual problems and characters, he has also evolved a manner of his own. He avoids the obvious as assiduously as Henry James, and presents his portraits of men and women and his situations in a similarly suggestive though sometimes irritating style—fragments of sentences, phrases apparently disconnected, isolated words which, when viewed alone, sound meaningless. Yet life pulses strongly through the pages of "Die silberne Tänzerin" (Munich: Albert Langen), and the men and women are of flesh and blood and enlist our sympathies or awaken our antipathy as if they were real and we were witnessing the grim tragi-comedy of their existence. Frau Ante, delicate, sensitive, an alien in the world of material comfort and moral complacency into which she has married, and Erik Termonde, who flees from that world into which he had been born to his bachelor home, the exquisitely appointed residence of a man devoted to a superior art of living, are figures one does not easily forget. Other portraits are sketched with a subtle touch of caricature. Martin Beradt, another newcomer, has some traits in common with Otto Gysae. His "Go" (S. Fischer) is as much the tragedy of a woman's soul as of a child's. Mother and son, of morbid disposition, live in a world the husband and father knows nothing of; for he is of the kind that sees only the gross material facts of life and craves nothing that cannot be grasped through the medium of the senses. It is not surprising that the real world which the boy finally enters when he is sent to school, involves him in bewildering and fatal conflicts that finally tempt him to suicide. Despite skill of narrative and characterization, this first work provokes regrets that the author should have chosen such a lugubrious subject. The ugly, the evil, and the morbid, cultivated by the literary revolutionists of the eighties from sheer reaction against their predecessors, like Wolf and Baumbach, is still a powerful influence with the young generation. While in all these books the characters are more interesting than the plot, in "Tröst-Einsamkeit," by Fedor von Zobeltitz (Egon Fleischel & Co.), it is the skilful invention that holds one's attention in spite of the tax upon the reader's credulity. The book contains, however, some fine bits of characterization. The chapters in the Dutch capital, where Graf Dahlum attends a family reunion and is made to feel like an outsider because he had settled in Germany, are delightful. The humor of the author makes even the improbable romanticism of the latter half of the tale palatable.

The stort story is represented by several volumes worth mention. Hermann Bahr, novelist, dramatist, and critic, like Burkhardt, calls his collection "Stimmen des Bluts" (S. Fischer). It affords glimpses into curious by-paths of the soul—morbid idiosyncrasies, inexplicable impulses, strange and appalling sensations. The characters are all more or less abnormal. Occasionally the tension is relieved by a touch of humor, as in "Lenke" and in "Erinnerungen," which is the most enjoyable of the sketches. But the dismal and the uncanny impression produced by the suggestion of some hidden sinister power—the voice of blood which is the voice of fate—prevails throughout; and the stories are not likely to appeal to any but the ultra-modern taste. Max Hochdorf properly calls his book "Dunkelheiten" (Egon Fleischel & Co.), for he, too, limits his efforts to the description of gloomy scenes and the treatment of psychic, if not psychopathic, problems. One of the tales, "Arete," with the scene in Athens, and the main characters an artist monk and his sinful model, is worked up to a fine dramatic climax. "Der Stoiker" is gruesome; "Das Wunder der Mona Erika" suggests Gottfried Keller in the vigorous and realistic treatment of the romantic subject. Max Grad, one of the cleverest writers of short stories among the women of Germany, is sane and sincere, and rarely strays into the labyrinth of exceptional problems. Her tales of ordinary people and ordinary lives are told with simplicity and ease, and not without some fine poetic qualities. She has a fund of humor, too, and one of her most delightful characters is Factotum Wohl-

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fahrt, a quaint figure in a little German university town. Her "Lebensspiele" (Egon Fleischel & Co.) is the most enjoyable of recent books of short stories.

A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In the current number of the *Library*, W. W. Greg has a second article on "Certain False Dates in Shakespearian Quartos." His preceding article was noted in the *Nation* of May 21. He has now made drawings of the various watermarks (twenty-three in number) which he has found in the paper of various copies of the nine quarto Shakespeares under discussion. The only conclution he can come to is that the printer of the books was using up a most remarkable lot of small remnants of different kinds of paper. He has given up the, at first glance, very strong evidence of a cracked woodcut ornament, as he has found several instances which "established the astonishing fact that the cracks in the block opened and closed and the breaks grew greater and less quite irrespective of the date of printing."

Vol. XIV of "American Book-Prices Current" is now in the hands of subscribers, a full month earlier than it has ever been issued before. The volume is practically the same size as last year, 12,700 lots of books and autographs being recorded. These have been selected from about 116,000 lots, described in 169 catalogues. The edition printed has been based, in recent years, upon the number subscribed for upon going to press, one hundred copies being printed in addition to the number actually subscribed for. This year the edition is 675 copies.

The first part of the library of Henry W. Poor, comprising 1,046 lots, will be sold by the Anderson Auction Co. of this city November 17, 18, and 19. The catalogue, 194 pages, contains about thirty reproductions of title-pages and bindings. A considerable number of important early printed books will be offered, among them the "Catholicon" of Balbus de Janua, printed at Mainz by John Gutenberg, 1460, but with the first fifty-one leaves supplied from a later edition; Cæsar, the third edition, Rome, Sweynheim and Pannartz, 1472; Dante's "Divina Commedia," Venice, Vindelin de Spira, 1477; the first edition of the "Imitatio Christi," Augsburg, Zainer, about 1471; Plutarch's "Vitæ Illustrium Virorum," Venice, Jenson, 1478, one of the most beautiful books from this press; and a Latin Bible, Nuremberg, Koberger, 1477. There is also a long series of books from the Aldine presses, including the first Aldine Sophocles, 1502; Homer, 1504; Lactantius, 1515; Æschylus, 1515; and Livy (in five vols.), 1518-33. Some of the notable volumes of early English poetry are: Allot's "England's Parnassus," 1600; Chaucer's Works, Kele's undated edition, about 1545, and Kyngston's, 1561; Gawin Douglas's translation, "The Bukes of Eneados," 1553; Phaer and Twyne's translation, "The whole xii Bookes of the Æneidos of Virgil," 1573; Gower's "De Confessione Amantis," 1532, the Lefferts copy; and Spenser's "Colin Clouts Come Home Again," 1595. There are several rare books on gardening: the first edition of Parkinson's "Paradisi in Sole Paradisus Terrestris," 1629; Barker's "Country-man's Recreation," 1653-54; and Redouté's "Les Roses," a large paper copy, with plates in two states and with two of Redouté's drawings. There are only a few important items of Americana, one, however, Penhallow's "History of the Wars of New England, with the Eastern Indians," 1726, seldom offered, is in the original sheep. Beverley's "History and Present State of Virginia," 1705; Hennepin's "New Discovery of a Vast Country in America," 1699; McCall's "History of Georgia," 1811, 2 vols.; and Ethan Allen's "Reason the Only Oracle of Man," 1784, are other rare pieces of Americana. Among rarities in modern first editions are "Sir Hugh the Heron," 1843, Dante Gabriel Rossetti's first publication; FitzGerald's "Rubaiyat," 1859; and Poe's "Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque," 1840, two vols. Another interesting item is a folio volume containing autograph letters of thirty-four Presidents.

Stan. V. Henkels, who is now connected with the auction house of Samuel T. Freeman & Co., Philadelphia, will sell on November 19 and 20, books from the libraries of C. T. Bratten and Virginia C. Boggs. A set of the original Townsend edition of Cooper; Ben Jonson's Works, 1616-1640; Lodge's "Portraits," a large paper set; McKenney and Hall's Indian Tribes, 3 vols., 1836; and Roberts's "Holy Land, Syria, Idumea, Arabia, Egypt, and Nubia," six vols., 1842-46, are likely to interest collectors.

A collection of autographs to be sold at auction in Berlin on November 23, 24, and 25, by J. A. Stargardt, contains a large number of letters by Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Herder, Klopstock, Tieck, Wieland, and other German writers, as well as a few English autographs, among them those of Darwin, Pope, and Carlyle. Among manuscripts of musicians are fine letters or documents of Wagner, Beethoven, Chopin, Haydn, Mozart, and Schumann.

On November 23, 24, and 25, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, London, sell a collection of books and manuscripts, including important works on natural history; first editions of Dickens, Thackeray, and Lever; Burton's Arabian Nights, the original edition; a complete set of *Bentley's Miscellany*, 64 vols.; first edition of the Nuremberg Chronicle, 1493; Heppelwhite's "Cabinet Maker's and Upholsterer's Guide," 1789; a fourteenth-century manuscript of Glanville's "De Proprietatibus Rerum"; Ptolemy's Geography, the editions of 1490 and 1511, as well as the 27 maps, without text, of the exceedingly rare edition of 1478. The original manuscripts and drawings of several important works on plants, birds, etc. are offered, containing altogether 3,840 original water-color drawings.

The Lord Amherst Library, the sale of which has been already noted, is especially rich in old herbals and other books on gardening and the agricultural arts. The list contains Anthony Askham's "Little Herball of the Properties of Herbs," 1550, the Wilbraham copy, lacking one leaf; the first edition of the Great Herball, 1526, also a later edition, 1561; three editions of Dodoen's "Niewe Herball," 1578, 1586, and 1595; three editions of Gerard's "Herball," 1597, 1599, and 1633; Tusser's "Hundredth Good Poyntes of Husbandry," 1562, and three editions of his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," 1577, 1580, and 1586; and Mascall's "Booke of the Arte and maner howe to plant and graffe all sorts of trees," 1572. The library contains few important items of Americana, the best a perfect copy, with the two exceedingly rare maps, of "A True Discourse of the Late Voyages of Discoverie for the finding of a Passage to Cathaya, by the Northwest, under the command of Martin Forbisher Generall," 1578. This book is by George Best, who accompanied Frobisher on all of his three voyages. The Amherst copy, formerly Heber's and Lord Crawford's, brought £100 in 1887, and there is no more recent record of sale at auction of a perfect copy. The maps are almost always lacking. Cunningham's "Cosmographical Glass," 1559, contains on page 200 "A Particular Description of Suche Partes of America as are by travaile founde out." De Quiros's "Descriptio ac delineatio Geographica Detectionis Freti," 1612, contains the first printed account of Hudson's discovery of Hudson's Bay. We also note the rare Paris edition, 1587, of Peter Martyr's "De Orbe Novo"; Monardes's "Joyful Newes out of the New-found World," 1578; Hakluyt's "Voyages," 1598-1600, with the rare "Voyage to Cadiz," but as usual, without the map; Ptolemy's Geography, editions of 1490, 1508, 1513, 1525, and 1548; and a set of "Purchas his Pilgrimes," 5 vols.

Correspondence.

JONSON AND MILTON ON SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his notes upon Milton's poem, "On Shakespeare, 1630," Prof. David Masson remarks:

> One might almost suppose, from the wording of these lines, that there was a proposal, in or about 1630, to erect a London monument to Shakespeare. It may be, however, that Milton had no such suggestion to move him, but merely thought for himself that Shakespeare did not need a monument. (Cambridge Edition, Milton's "Poems," III, 162.)

Indefatigable student though he was, Professor Masson seems never to have noticed—nor, as far as I can discover, has any one after him pointed out—the interesting parallelism between this poem by Milton and lines 19-24 of Ben Jonson's "To the Memory of my Beloved Master, William Shakespeare." Jonson's verses were prefixed to the First Folio of Shakespeare's works, Milton's to the Second Folio, which appeared nine years later. For comparison I place the lines together:

JONSON.

My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room:
Thou are a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give.

MILTON.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in piléd stones?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart

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Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepúlchred in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

It will be noticed that Milton's poem is in the same metre as that of Jonson's, the heroic couplet. The address to the poet is the same in each, "My Shakespeare." And the subject is the same in each, the most fitting "monument"—the same word being used in each poem—for Shakespeare. Jonson affirms that the poet is "a monument without a tomb," alive still in his living book, and in the appreciation and praise of his readers. Milton asserts that, though Shakespeare is dead—thus correcting Jonson—yet he is not in need of any such "weak witness of his fame" as a memorial of "pilèd stones," but that he has built for himself "a livelong monument" in the "wonder and astonishment" of those who read him, bereaving them of their fancy in such a way as to make them "marble with too much conceiving," and so to lie

sepulchred in such pomp . ..
That Kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

Such being the striking parallels between the two poems, it seems to the writer that the probable origin of Milton's lines was as follows: Milton, in looking over the First Folio, came upon Jonson's verses. As he read them, his own imagination kindled and he developed his own poetic conception, which he felt to be an advance upon Jonson's, and to put the truth more accurately than his. When it became known that a second edition of Shakespeare's plays was to be issued, Milton sent the lines to the editors in the hope that they might have the same place in the new edition which had been occupied, in the earlier volume, by the poem which had suggested them.

Whether all this be true or not, it seems at least probable that Jonson should have the credit of inspiring the later and greater poet. EDWARD S. PARSONS.

Colorado College, Colorado Springs, October 26.

"SELF-COVER'D" IN "LEAR."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The compound adjective "self-cover'd" in the passage,

Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. ("Lear," iv., 2, 62-63)—

part of a speech of Albany to his wife, Goneril—has always been a crux in Shakespeare exegesis, and many attempts at explanation have been made or emendations of the text proposed, which will be found recorded in the notes on this word in the "New Variorum." All of these, whether explanations or emendations, are more or less labored and forced, and none of them is convincingly satisfactory. We wish to offer for the consideration of Shakespeare students an emendation which has occurred to us and which, we believe, is not only more plausible than any yet advanced, but also very likely restores the text to its original form. It has the transcendent merit of rendering the meaning of the line perfectly plain and simple, with the additional merit of improving it metrically.

It is our notion that the syllable "dis-" was dropped out, either through a printer's or through a copyist's error, and we would therefore substitute for "self-cover'd," "self-discovered," meaning self-revealed. That this omission may have occurred is rendered all the more probable by the fact that the passage of which these lines form a part is one of those not found in the folios, but in the quartos, which, as is well known, are notorious for misprints, printers' sophistications, and the like, and the texts of which, moreover, were very probably taken down in shorthand at a performance.

(1.) With regard to the meaning of the line with the text changed as we suggest, it is clear that Albany regards his wife as changed in character from the woman he married and that he calls her a self-discover'd, *i. e.*, self-revealed, thing, because by her actions and words she has just disclosed her true nature.

(2.) The addition of the syllable "dis-" creates no metrical difficulty, as might at first blush seem to be the case, but, as we find on examination of the readings of the quartos, on the contrary results in a decided improvement of the verse. As the line now stands "changed" must be made a dissyllable and the stress in the second foot must fall on the unimportant word "and." We find, however, that one of the two quartos of 1608 prints the word "changed," "chang'd," showing that the printer understood it to be a monosyllable. Assuming, as we well may, that this is right and making our suggested emendation, we scan the line thus:

Thŏu chāng'd ănd sĕlf-dĭscŏvĕr'd thĭng, fŏr shāme,

which obviously makes the line a better one and which, as we have shown, admits of a plain and simple interpretation of it.

FREDERICK W. KILBOURNE,
LUCIUS H. HOLT.

Springfield, Mass., October 28.

SOME LINES FROM TENNYSON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of October 22, Dr. W. J. Rolfe, writes in a letter entitled, "Some Curious Misprints" (p. 382): "Tennyson said that he had almost rather sacrifice the sense than have two s's come together." Yet the following line occurs in the "Leonine Elegiacs":

The ancient poetess singeth
That Hesperus all things bringeth

On page 383 Dr. Rolfe says that when the "Palace of Art" was first printed (1832), the following stanza was inserted in a footnote, but was afterward suppressed:

She saw the snowy poles and moons of Mars, etc.

But the suppressed line really spoke of the "poles of *moonless* Mars!"

DANIEL HOLSMAN.

Philadelphia, October 28.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If I wrote "moons of Mars," instead of "moonless Mars," it was a slip of the pen. The point of my comment on it was that the poet changed it after the moons were discovered. If he had written "moons of Mars," it would have been as remarkable as Swift's anticipation of the discovery. I give the early reading correctly in the notes of my "Select Poems of Tennyson" (1885).

Tennyson's remark on the sibilants was made to his friend Knowles in referring to "In Memoriam" (xl), where the first edition had "In such great offices as suit." The poet said when reading the passage to Knowles: "I hate that. I should not write so now. I'd almost rather sacrifice a meaning than let two s's come together." This collocation of letters occurs, however, occasionally in his latest revised text; and there is at least one instance in "In Memoriam," where (cxi) "for fashion's sake" is still the reading; the other line (in xl) now reads, "In those great offices that suit." In cxi the poet might have read, "fashion sake," as Shakespeare—whose archaisms he occasionally copies—does in "As You Like It," iii, 2, 291. He also has "for heaven sake" ("John," iv, 1, 78), "recreation sake" ("I Henry IV," i, 2, 174), and "digestion sake" ("Troilus and Cressida," ii, 3, 190); as elsewhere "sport sake," "credit sake," "safety sake," etc.; to say nothing of cases with sibilants, as "conscience sake" (still allowable) "goodness sake," "Venus sake," etc.

W. J. ROLFE.

Cambridge, Mass., November 3.

IGNORANCE OF THE BIBLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Rev. Herbert A. Jump does good service in your issue of October 22 by adding his testimony to that of many other protestants against the "vast and growing national ignorance of the Bible." This he illustrates by some telling instances which could no doubt be duplicated all over the country. It is not desirable, however, to underestimate the forces which tend to abate this ignorance, and your correspondent seems to do this when he says that the millions of copies printed by the Bible societies "are being circulated for the most part in foreign lands as accessories to the missionary activity of the Church." This is quite contrary to the fact.

The annual report of the American Bible Society for 1908, a fairly typical year, shows the total issues of the society at home and abroad to be 1,895,941 Bibles, Testaments, and portions (*i. e.*, single books), of which 989,321 were issued from the Bible House, in New York, and 906,710 by the society's agencies abroad. Some of those printed in New York were sent abroad and some books were imported from other publishers abroad and from the society's own foreign agencies, but in round numbers nearly or quite half of the total were actually used in this country. The total output for ninety-two years is 82,316,323 copies, and probably much more than half of this vast number have remained here to enlighten our national darkness rather than the darkness of China or Africa. Without attempting to estimate what private publishers are doing (which represents a very substantial addition to these figures), the American Bible Society, with its auxiliaries, has been ministering for nearly a century to the American people. Its books go, of course, to certain special and otherwise neglected classes, to prisoners in penitentiaries and reformatories, to charitable institutions, to soldiers and sailors, to the blind, and in general the friendless and neglected, whom it is ready to supply gratis if necessary; but also a large proportion of this forever circulating library passes directly into the homes,

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churches, and schools, especially the Sunday-schools of the "forgotten millions" of whom President Eliot once wrote, the "plain people" of the nation. The Sunday-school class which your correspondent is teaching is quite possibly supplied with these books which go to tens of thousands of Sunday-schools which would otherwise go untaught, and perhaps he has one of our pulpit Bibles in his church.

The limitation on the usefulness of the American Bible Society to the American people, is not its activity in foreign countries, where it is as much needed as here, and we trust not the "salaried secretaries" to which your correspondent alludes, but chiefly the too scanty and uncertain revenue which continually cripples its activities and forbids their enlargement. There is now a prospect of better things. The largest sum of money so far as we know ever offered to any Bible society by a living donor is now offered by Mrs. Russell Sage, who proposes to give $500,000 on condition that the society can secure subscriptions for $500,000 more before December 31, 1908, the whole $1,000,000 to be used as endowment, thus securing in larger measure what your correspondent evidently desires. Contrary to some newspaper statements, the money is not yet "rolling in." As usual, the poor and moderately rich are the first to give, but large givers have yet to appear. The Bible Society being a millionaire in its issues, quite naturally feels that millionaires in money might like to support it. Now is their opportunity! We beg leave, therefore, to invite all the friends of the Bible, rich and poor, from Maine to California, to share with us the honors and privileges of the campaign which did not end November 5, but must be continued until the whole amount is secured.

We are well aware that the mere circulation of the Book is of little use unless it be accompanied by other means of grace. If there could but be a renaissance of some almost forgotten customs in American life!—a revival of family worship, for instance, making the Bible a household book; a revival of Sabbath keeping; or perhaps (in spirit) an American reproduction of the Cotter's Saturday night, where even the *Nation* might be accompanied by the Book which it so aptly and so often quotes; in short, a general return to the pure and undefiled religion of an elder day—then, Sunday-school classes in Maine or elsewhere could not achieve such miracles of ignorance as your correspondent portrays. The Bible Society has indeed a great trust to administer. Does it not deserve the support, not only of all good Christian men, but all good American citizens?

JOHN FOX.

Bible House, New York, November 6.

DE GUSTIBUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a note which appeared in your issue of October 29, regarding the autumn Salon at Paris, there occur the two following sentences:

Some of the younger artists have surprisingly good and new work, along with direct insults to eyes and understanding. Such is Henri Matisse, who forgets that beholders are not all fools, and that it is not necessary to do differently from all other artists.

Will you allow one of the fools whom Matisse has thoroughly taken in to protest against these phrases? They are more hackneyed than the oldest mumblings in the most archaic extant rituals. There is nothing so hoary in the sacrificial Vedas. They have been uttered with head-shakings in Akkadian, in Egyptian, in Babylonian, in Mycenæan, in the language of the Double-Ax, in all the Pelasgic dialects, in proto-Doric, in Hebrew, and in every living and dead tongue of western Europe, wherever an artist has appeared whose work was not as obvious as the "best seller" and "fastest reader." Of what great painter or sculptor or musician of the last century has it not been said in the cant phrase of the Boulevards—"C'est un fumiste. Il cherche à épâter le monde"?

Henri Matisse seems to me to think of everything in the world rather than of the need of "doing differently from all other artists." On the contrary, I have the conviction that he has, after twenty years of very earnest searching, at last found the great highroad travelled by all the best masters of the visual arts for the last sixty centuries at least. Indeed, he is singularly like them in every essential respect. He is a magnificent draughtsman and a great designer. Of his color I do not venture to speak. Not that it displeases me—far from it. But I can better understand its failing to charm at first; for color is something we Europeans are still singularly uncertain of—we are easily frightened by the slightest divergence from the habitual.

Fifty years ago, Mr. Quincy Shaw and other countrymen of ours were the first to appreciate and patronize Corot, Rousseau, and the stupendous Millet. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* It is now the Russians and, to a less extent, the Germans, who are buying the work of the worthiest successors of those mighty ones.

B. BERENSON.

Boston, November 3.

THE EXCAVATIONS AT ALESIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was a little astonished on reading the letter about Alesia (October 1, p. 322). The site of Cæsar's Alesia has not been "identified by a military explorer," but has been known as such since the sixteenth century; the "military explorer" alluded to, the late Col. Stoffel, did not even identify the traces of Cæsar's trenches around Alesia, because these trenches had been discovered by Creuly, Saulcy, Bertrand, and others before Stoffel came to work at Alesia. The statuette mentioned further on is that of a *dead* Gaul, not of a *reclining* Gaul; casts of it may be procured from the Museum at Saint Germain. Lastly, M. Déchelette never claimed for himself the discovery that Gallic pottery had found its way to Italy and to Pompeii; I do not know what M. Ferrero said about that, but if the error be his, it remains no less an error. M. Déchelette has very carefully stated the facts, "Vases ornés," I., p. 95, and, with his usual honesty, given due credit to Dragendorff.

SALOMON REINACH.

Saint Germain en Laye, October 15.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am grateful to M. Salomon Reinach for commenting with his undisputed authority, on the details of my letter. I did not intend attributing the discovery of Cæsar's Alesia to my "military explorer," who is simply the *chef de bataillon*, Espérendieu; his energy and perseverance in these recent years have made the success of the present excavations, of which alone I was writing and which are indeed "identifying" these remains of Roman Gaul. Signor Ferrero, whose "Alésia" I am much astonished M. Reinach did not notice on its appearance in the Paris *Figaro* (September 11), certainly does attribute to M. Déchelette a discovery—"one of the most important among those of which archæology has boasted for fifty years: he has been able to prove that many vases, apparently Greek, which have been found in the European provinces of the Empire, even in Italy, had been manufactured in Gaul."

My own aim was to draw attention to excavations which are not so well known to your readers as to M. Reinach, and especially to the use made of them by Signor Ferrero in illustrating the part played by Roman Gaul in the rise and decline of the Empire.

S. D.

Paris, October 30.

Notes.

Houghton Mifflin Company announces for next week the following books: "University Administration," by President Charles W. Eliot; "The Teacher," by Prof. George H. Palmer and Alice Freeman Palmer; "Accounts: Their Construction and Interpretation," by Prof. William M. Cole; and "A Concordance to the English Poems of Thomas Gray," edited by Prof. Albert S. Cook.

The third volume of "The Cambridge History of English Literature" will be published this month by G. P. Putnam's Sons. By the same house announcement is made of three new issues in the Cambridge English Classics, viz.: "The Plays of Beaumont and Fletcher," Vol. VI; "Giles and Phineas Fletcher's Poetical Works," Vol. II; "George Gascoigne's Works," Vol. II; and "The Clerk's Tale and the Squire's Tale" of Chaucer.

The Club of Colonial Reprints, Providence, R. I., announces as its fifth publication: A Scheme for a Paper Currency, together with two petitions written in Boston Gaol in 1739-1740, by Richard Fry; with an introduction by Andrew McFarland Davis. According to the circular issued by the club:

This "Scheme" was not known to Mr. Davis to be still in existence when he prepared his "Currency and Banking in the Province of Massachusetts Bay" or his "Tracts Relating to the Currency of the Massachusetts Bay," and its publication adds one more to the series of original pamphlets available for study by those who wish to understand the sad experiences which taught the people of Massachusetts, a hundred and seventy years ago, that an unsound currency is an affliction which injures every class in the community.

The edition is to be limited to one hundred copies.

The fun of Edward Lear's "Book of Limericks" is still fresh enough to warrant a new edition of the volume by Little, Brown & Co. Besides the "Books of Nonsense," with their incalculably absurd pictures and

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limericks, the volume contains the "Nonsense Songs" and "Laughable Lyrics."

Three volumes of the new Oxford Thackeray (Henry Frowde), to be completed in seventeen, bring before us "The Yellowplush Papers," etc., "The Paris Sketch Book," etc., and "Barry Lyndon," etc. They are printed on the opaque India paper and in the clear type to which the Clarendon Press has accustomed us. The illustrations, however, are in many cases made from bad plates. As for the material, it is the old Thackeray canon established since 1886, with a few additions from more recently discovered sources. The editor is quite right in saying that much of the new matter attributed to Thackeray is of doubtful authenticity, and that still more of it is trivial and unworthy of preservation. Professor Saintsbury, upon whose judgment the selection rests, has also furnished introductions, sketching the author's life and commenting critically on his works. Professor Saintsbury is an agreeable toastmaster at such a banquet. He touches lightly and passes on. Occasionally, as in his remarks upon the "Meditations at Versailles," he comes close to the secret of Thackeray's charm. He does not conceal the faults of taste and judgment in that much-disputed piece, but he still sees that it "has a scornful, melancholy magic of style that atones for much, and the whole article is full of wonderful broken lights of phrase and portraiture." We shall await with curiosity Professor Saintsbury's introductions to the greater works.

"The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," by S. Baring-Gould, comes to us from Frederick A. Stokes Company in a new and cheaper edition. It is in a single volume, well printed and very fully illustrated. Mr. Baring-Gould does not write as a specialist, but he has the power of sustaining interest in a narrative.

For those going abroad at this season of the year we may recommend the sixth edition of Eustace Reynolds-Ball's "Mediterranean Winter Resorts," published by Brentano's. Morocco, Algeria, and Egypt are included in the itineraries, as well as the European coasts.

It is evident from the enormous output of books of travel that the modern author has missed the irony of Heine's caustic remark, when informed by Gautier that he intended to visit Spain in order to write a book on that country: "How will you manage to write a book on Spain after you have been there?" To record passing impressions, to describe the scenic panorama, to gather material for a historic background, and to make judicious use of the camera is all so temptingly easy that to-day Heine would probably say, "How could you do otherwise?" Journeys through Persia by automobile and across Europe in a motor-boat are, however, of sufficient novelty to justify two volumes which have just been issued by D. Appleton & Co.: "Through Persia in a Motor Car, by Russia and the Caucasus," by Claude Anet, translated by M. Beresford Ryley; "Across Europe in a Motor Boat: A Chronicle of the Adventures of the Motor Boat Beaver on a Voyage of Nearly Seven Thousand Miles Through Europe by Way of the Seine, the Rhone, the Danube, and the Black Sea," by Henry C. Rowland, illustrated by Herbert Deland Williams. Both books are decidedly interesting and amusing. M. Anet conveys the distinct impression that he has really been to Persia. He possesses style, not that of Anatole France, but style, nevertheless, that light touch and delicate fancy of his race which charms. For one who was so short a time in Persia he has caught to a remarkable degree the spirit of that land of incongruity and paradox. No modern book presents so graphic and so true a picture of Iran and its people, or conveys more information than is unobtrusively scattered through this record of personal experience. In spite of Heine's fling at the truthfulness of the traveller-author, M. Anet's volume can be honestly recommended by one who knows the route he followed, as a work in which veracity has not been sacrificed to imagination. An excellent series of practical suggestions for a motor journey to Ispahan is found in the concluding chapter. Mr. Rowland's narrative is a more matter of fact one, abounding in technical details of a struggle with a refractory engine and a storm in the Black Sea which ended in the loss of the Beaver and the narrow escape of its occupants. The book has also its humorous side, an Anglo-Saxon humor enlivened with slang and an occasional oath, in sharp contrast to the Gallic flavor distilled by M. Anet, who had two charming and intrepid feminine companions. Mr. Rowland's story, like his journey, is rather for the sterner sex, but is graphically told and holds the reader's interest to the end.

Crete has, during recent years, eclipsed Cyprus in the interest of students and travellers; but a welcome will be found for the massive volume "Excerpta Cypria," issued as "materials for a history of Cyprus," by Claude Delaval Cobham through the Cambridge University Press (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons). The book, of over 500 quarto pages, is made up of extracts in English dress concerning the character, history, and antiquities of the island, gathered from the works of eighty different travellers of varied nationality, ranging in date from Strabo to the second half of the last century. A few documents are included, and a rather full bibliography appended, including one on the not yet forgotten Cesnola controversy. The book is eminently readable, and the translations are made in good style, and, so far as tests have been possible, with reasonable accuracy. But the compiler's assertion that within the range of the individual excerpts nothing has been omitted which directly concerns the island is not quite true, at any rate of the quotation from Strabo.

Part 3 of the Publications of the American Archæological Expedition to Syria in 1899-1900 (Greek and Latin Inscriptions, by Prof. William Kelly Prentice, of Princeton University) has now been issued by the Century Company, in the same stately form as the preceding volumes already noted in these columns. The title suggests baldly technical material and treatment; but though the editor's work is thorough and scholarly, the volume, which is richly illustrated from photographs and drawings, will be of interest to many others than epigraphists, and the consistent translation of the individual inscriptions will render them serviceable to readers whose knowledge of the original tongues has acquired the honorable debility of age. Many of the inscriptions, and the very agreeably written introductory chapter on their character and purpose, throw an extremely valuable light upon the ritual and manner of life and thought of early Christian communities in the Syrian East.

Although ostensibly intended primarily for Bible students, "The History of the Ancient Egyptians," by Dr. James H. Breasted, professor of Egyptology in the University of Chicago, is suited to a wider circle. It is to some extent an abridgment of his larger "History," which appeared three years ago; but it contains also the results of discoveries made in the interval. Professor Breasted is one of the most competent, if not the most competent man now living, to write such a book. He has gathered, while working under the auspices of the German government, a complete collection of the hieroglyphic texts of an historical character, and has issued a translation of them in five large octavo volumes. Upon the basis of this great *corpus* his histories have been written, and to it the reader is constantly referred. Under these circumstances it seems quite superfluous to say anything further in commendation of the volume, except to remark that the story is told in a plain and lucid style, without ornamentation, and with the earnestness of a man who has something to tell and is intent merely upon the telling. The size of the book makes it convenient for the pocket, and it is safe to say that it will be seen much more often than the larger book, in the hands of those who are making the Nile trip, and who wish to be as well informed as possible regarding the history revealed by the texts and monuments of Egypt. (The Historical Series for Bible Students. Charles Scribner's Sons.)

From so charming an essayist and accomplished a versifier as Austin Dobson, the recent "De Libris: Prose and Verse" (The Macmillan Co.) is a distinct disappointment. The volume contains a dozen pieces of prose, evidently the gleanings from a year or two of casual contribution to newspapers and magazines. Some of the articles are palpable book reviews, and are no better than many others of their kind. On the eighteenth century, Mr. Dobson writes with uncommon fulness of knowledge, and his papers "Bramston's 'Man of Taste'" and "Fresh Facts about Fielding" are not without value. The two little essays on Kate Greenaway and Hugh Thomson are appreciative and at the same time discriminating. The chief interest in them, however, lies in the illustrations—drawings by Miss Greenaway and Mr. Thomson never before published. But of the papers as a whole, it may fairly be said that they lack distinction of substance or style. The verse is even farther below the standard. Some of the stanzas doubtless served their purpose, when read at a dinner, but they are not what we expect from the author of "Old-World Idylls" and "At the Sign of the Lyre."

"The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill," by Mrs. George Cornwallis-West (The Century Co.), could hardly be other than entertaining. She lived for many years among the most distinguished people in Europe, and noted not only their political significance, but their clothes, manners, and temperaments. She has avoided duplication of her son's life of his fath-

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er, and has abstained from reference to intimate personal concerns. Mrs. Cornwallis-West is able to write with such detachment of Lady Randolph Churchill as to exploit somewhat drolly her beauty and personal charm. Among the illustrations we have her in every aspect, in infancy, at ten years old, by Sargent, in fancy dress, in a riding-habit, as a Red Cross nurse. The letters printed and the conversations quoted abound in allusions of the sort that people usually leave their heirs to publish. Doubtless, however, considering the temptation, Mrs. Cornwallis-West wonders at her own moderation. There is nothing ill-natured in the book, and apparently nothing indiscreet. Admirers of Mr. Bernard Shaw will be interested to know that on receiving an invitation to lunch after a very slight acquaintance he responded by telegraphing: "Certainly not; what have I done to provoke such an attack on my well-known habit?" To which Lady Randolph replied: "Know nothing of your habits; hope they are not as bad as your manners."

"Oxford in the Eighteenth Century" (Putnam), by A. D. Godley, is one of that class of books, rapidly increasing in number, which are almost spoiled by spurious vivacity. Mr. Godley has gone through the material dutifully, he writes with a sense for English rather above the average, he has an attractive theme, but he mars all by the supposition that it is dull to be orderly, and that the reader's mind cannot dwell on one subject more than five minutes. When he forgets himself and, as in his sketch of Hearne, tells a straightforward story, he is interesting. For the most part he bustles about among hints and half-told anecdotes and apologetic allusions in a manner that tires without instructing, and teases without amusing. Here and there comes in a good story, such as that related by Pastor Moritz, in 1782, who, coming late at night into the Mitre Inn, "saw a great number of clergymen, all with their gowns and bands on, sitting round a large table, each with his pot of beer before him," discussing theological and other topics, until "when morning drew near, Mr. M—— suddenly exclaimed, 'D——n me, I must read prayers this morning at All Souls'.'" In which story the accent should properly be placed on the "theological" as much as on the "beer"; for it may be suspected that there are not many clergymen to-day who would have the spirit for such doughty discussions any more than the stomach for such potations. With all his diligence Mr. Godley has missed some of the most characteristic events of the age, as, for example, the expulsion of George Selwyn, in 1745, for participation in the unholy rites of the Franciscans, as related in a letter of Capt. Nicholson. Now and then we question his statements, as when he says that "few so far mortified the flesh as to take a walk." In dates and facts he is generally accurate, but he has erred in ascribing the writing of "Terræ Filius" to 1726. It was written in 1721, and published in book form in the later year.

Number XXXVI of the Yale Studies in English (Holt & Co.) contains a translation of Alain de Lille's "Complaint of Nature," made by Douglas M. Moffat, professedly in the service of Chaucer students. "The theologian," as the translator observes, "whose great stores of recondite learning made him the 'Doctor Universalis' of his day, the 'Alain who was very sage,' the 'Doctor SS. Theologiæ Famosus,' is now known chiefly because of two lines in the blithe and famous poet of Early England." That is true for England and America, no doubt, but the rhapsody "De Planctu" contains more than one passage, notably the opening description of Nature, of a curious beauty worth reading for its own sake.

The old controversy as to the authorship of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," usually attributed to the Rev. Charles Wolfe, is revived again in "The Writer of 'The Burial of Sir John Moore' Discovered," a little volume by R. C. Newick (Bristol, England: T. Thatcher). Mr. Newick believes he has found new material in a private library of manuscripts recently given to the public at Bristol. He charges Wolfe with being an impostor, and says that a certain "soldier of the Ninth Regiment," named Joseph Wolfe, was the real author. In support of his statement, he examines the incidents in the lives of Charles Wolfe and Joseph Wolfe. Although the former was seventeen at the time of Sir John Moore's death, and likely to be impressed with such an event, Mr. Newick holds that Joseph Wolfe was the only survivor who brought back the details of the burial, and that Charles Wolfe could not possibly have acquired the facts so as to write as he did with historic accuracy.

Whatever one may think of some of the ideas which have prevailed in the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions there can be only admiration for the devotion with which some of the young people whom it has stirred to missionary endeavor have striven for their ideals and the enthusiasm with which they have pursued their high calling. One of the most noble of these youth was John Lawrence Thurston, whose brief and self-sacrificing life is described in "A Life with a Purpose," by Henry B. Wright (Fleming H. Revell Co.). He was a member of the Yale Missionary Band, which preached foreign missions with great enthusiasm in many cities, and later he went to China, where he was stricken with tuberculosis when he had scarcely begun his work. By singular winsomeness of character and unusual intensity of zeal and largeness of plan he effected, even in his brief months of service, a large amount of good.

For over thirty years, in Auburn, N. Y., and Chicago, the Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson was a forcible and inspiring teacher of methods in preaching, and in the Christian ministry. His sage counsels, distinguished by rugged common sense, are gathered up in "The Ideal Ministry" (Fleming H. Revell Co.). The volume is largely occupied with suggestions as to preparation for preaching and the composition and delivery of sermons.

On September 3 (p. 215) the *Nation* printed a review of Count Vay von Vaya's "Nach Amerika in einem Auswandererschiffe," a book of interesting impressions of this country gained by an Hungarian prelate who accompanied a band of emigrants. We are glad now to see the book in English, published by E. P. Dutton & Co. as the "Inner Life of the United States."

The first volume of Ernst Schultze's "Kulturgeschichtliche Streifzüge," entitled "Aus dem Werden und Wachsen der Vereinigten Staaten" (Hamburg: Gutenberg Verlag), is really little more than a collection of twelve essays, written in journalistic style, on certain phases of life and thought in America. Four are devoted to the Indians, one to Booker T. Washington, while probably the best deals with the American theatre.

Baron Helfert, the eminent Austrian historian, continues at nearly ninety years of age to produce books that would do credit to a writer half a century younger. His "Geschichte des lombardo-venezianischen Königreichs" (Vienna: Hölder) deals with the Risorgimento period on which he is one of the recognized authorities. It contains a review of the history of the kingdom in the period following the downfall of Napoleon, making use of many interesting documents. Among them are some extremely curious police reports concerning Caroline, wife of George IV of England.

The veteran Austrian author, J. Schipper, has just published a collection of papers entitled "Beiträge und Studien zur englischen Kultur- und Literaturgeschichte" (Vienna: Stern). The first half deals chiefly with the universities—material gathered during the writer's visit to Great Britain as the official representative of his government at the fourth centennial of Aberdeen. The second half consists largely of Shakespeare studies.

In the series Sammlung Göschen (Leipzig: Göschen), Ludwig Salomon has published a work of 186 pages, called "Allgemeine Geschichte des Zeitungswesens." As the author of the excellent "Geschichte des deutschen Zeitungswesens," in three volumes, completed only two years ago, the writer is exceptionally equipped for this summary of the newspaper publications of all the peoples of the earth.

Waldemar Schütze sufficiently explains the character of his new work, "Schwarz gegen Weiss," in his sub-title, "Die Eingebornenfrage als Kernpunkt unserer Kolonialpolitik in Afrika" (Berlin: Schwetsche & Sohn). In many respects the author's judgment on the negro and the possibility of his becoming fully civilized is anything but enthusiastic or hopeful.

It was hardly wise to publish all the letters, reviews, and essays of the late Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, as Adolf Frey has recently done in his two volumes, filling eleven hundred pages, entitled "Briefe Conrad Ferdinand Meyers: Nebst seinen Rezensionen und Aufsätzen" (Leipzig: Haessel). A large amount of this matter is new and interesting, especially Meyer's correspondence with such men as G. Kinkel, Wolfgang Menzel, F. Th. Vischer, and especially L. von François; but not a few of the youthful and family letters could have been omitted.

The "Einführung in eine Philosophie des Geisteslebens," by Prof. Rudolf Eucken (Leipzig: Quelle & Meyer), is a summary of the philosophy of the famous author intended chiefly for the general reader and written with special reference to the problems and perplexities of the times. In connection with this book, attention should be called to a study of Eucken's philosophy in its relation to that of Kant, published as a brochure by Kurt Kesseler, "Die Vertiefung der kantischen Religionsphilosophie

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durch Rudolf Eucken" (Breslau: Kreuschmer).

The Kirchliches Handbuch (Freiburg-im-B.: Herder)), a new venture by the Catholic theologian, H. A. Krose, S. J., and in its first volume covering the years 1907 and 1908, is evidently intended as a Catholic rival to the famous Protestant Kirchliches Jahrbuch of Pastor J. Schneider. It contains full statistics and reports of the Catholic Church, particularly in Germany. Among the valuable features of the work are the statistics of Catholic foreign mission work, something that heretofore has been difficult to secure.

The economic and social philosophy of the Church Father Augustine, especially in its bearings on the teachings of Christianity, has recently called for two works of considerable value. Prof. Theodor Sommerlad's volume "Das Wirtschaftsprogramm der Kirche des Mittelalters," which appeared some months ago, aimed to prove that the ideas of Augustine on economic and social problems were a great departure from the gospel teachings. Now Prof. Ignaz Seipel, in "Die wirtschaftsethischen Lehren der Kirchenväter," published by Mayer & Co., Vienna, as one of the Catholic series Theologische Studien der Leo Gesellschaft, edited by Albert Ehrhard and F. M. Schneider, endeavors to defend Augustine against this charge.

Prof. Adolf Ehrhard of the University of Strassburg, in his last volume, "Das Mittelalter und seine kirchliche Entwickelung," in the series, Kultur und Katholizismus (Munich: Kirchheim), attempts to give a popular exposition of the evolution of mediæval civilization. According to Ehrhard, this whole evolution is the result of the relations, sometimes friendly, mostly hostile, between Pope and Emperor, or, as he puts it, of the two fundamental factors of the middle ages: the Germanic-National and the Latin-Catholic. He writes from the point of view of the Papacy, but his book, taken as a whole, cannot fail to impress through its originality and pleasant style.

In the Classiques Français of Messrs. Putnam the "Satires, Épîtres, et l'Art poétique" of Boileau make a book even pleasanter in type than other volumes of that dainty series. But it does not seem to us that the preface of Augustin Filon adds to the value of the edition. Boileau, he says, was not a poet, although a great writer in verse; neither was he a critic, although "un homme de goût, dont les opinions ont fait loi, et qui, venu à son heure, a orienté la littérature française dans une direction où l'attendaient ses plus grands succès." To try to support such a paradox as this is merely to waste, or pervert, words.

We have received from the Florentine publishers Bemporad a tiny pocket encyclopædia, "Enciclopedia Tascabile Bemporad," which has many features to recommend it. Resembling the little manuals of information that are sold on our railway trains, it is much better done. Geography, politics, and natural science, including agriculture, domestic economy, physiology, and medicine, occupy most of the 364 pages. On the biographical side it is weak. Of interest is the select vocabulary of sport, almost exclusively English. Its general accuracy speaks well for that of the more serious sections. The editor is of advanced, not to say revolutionary, views, actually advising his fellow-countrymen to sleep with the window open. For the desk the little book will hardly replace the indispensable small Larousse, but for travellers it is distinctly useful.

A somewhat detailed report of a human sacrifice occurring among the Bagobos around Mount Apo in Southern Mindanao is given in the editorial notes of the *Philippine Journal of Science*, Section A, Vol. III, No. 3. The affair was thoroughly investigated by the district governor, and the facts were obtained from his report, which forms the most circumstantial account of an event of this kind that has ever been made. The French scientist Montano and the German scientist Schadenberg made brief investigations among the Bagobos over twenty years ago, and certain Jesuit missionaries, especially Fathers Gisbert and Doyle, have written of their customs. But many exaggerated stories about the Bagobos are afloat. The reports of the Jesuit fathers having established the fact of human sacrifices among them, some careless writers have gratuitously added cannibalism. This charge the Bagobos themselves deny, and there is no evidence at all to support it. Their victims, when the occasional human sacrifices occur, are slaves (members of a neighboring unwarlike tribe), and are usually aged or decrepit. In this latest case, the first authenticated human sacrifice in some years, the victim was a deaf and partly blind slave boy of eight years. The sacrifice was arranged primarily in behalf of two widows, in order that the spirits of their departed husbands might cease from troubling them and allow them to obtain new husbands. Moral suasion and instruction, with force in the background, are being applied to break up this custom, as has been done in the case of the head-hunting tribes of northern Luzon.

A Simplified Spelling Society has been organized in England. Prof. W. W. Skeat of Cambridge is president. The vice-presidents include Sir James Murray, editor of the Oxford Dictionary; Sir William Ramsay, of University College, London; and Dr. F. J. Furnivall. The secretary is William Archer.

The Rev. Abram Herbert Lewis, a prominent Seventh-day Baptist, died at Watch Hill, Pa., November 4. He was born at Scott, N. Y., in 1836, was graduated from Alfred University, and studied at Union Theological Seminary. After some years as an active pastor, he became corresponding secretary of the American Tract Society; he was also for a time the editor of the *Sabbath Outlook* and a member of the staff of the *Philanthropist*. Among his books are: "Sabbath and Sunday: Argument and History" (1870), "Biblical Teachings concerning the Sabbath and the Sunday" (1884), "A Critical History of the Sabbath and the Sunday in the Christian Church" (1886), "A Critical History of Sunday Legislation from A. D. 321 to 1888" (1888), "Paganism Surviving in Christianity" (1890), "Swift Decadence of Sunday: What Next?" (1899), and "Letters to Young Preachers and their Readers" (1900).

John Harvey Treat, author of a number of books and pamphlets on genealogy and history, died at Pittsfield, N. H., November 8, at the age of sixty-nine. After graduation from Harvard he engaged in business at Lawrence, Mass., for a number of years. He had given to Harvard a large entomological collection, a good many books, and a fund for the purchase of works illustrating the history of the Roman catacombs. He was author of "Notes on the Rubrics," "The Catholic Faith," "The Treat Genealogy," "Truro Baptisms," "Ancestry of Col. John Harvey," "The Catacombs of Rome," and "History of the Tombs of the Apostles Peter and Paul."

Prof. Lewis Campbell, the distinguished Greek scholar, has died at the age of seventy-eight. His education was received at Glasgow and Oxford universities, and he was appointed to the professorship of Greek at St. Andrews in 1863, retiring as emeritus in 1892. His chief work is the edition of Sophocles, published by the Clarendon Press, in two volumes—a work which in taste and judgment ranks well with Jebb's edition, if not above it. Other publications are "Æschylus in English Verse" (1890), "Guide to Greek Tragedy" (1891), "Life of Benjamin Jowett" (with E. Abbott, 1897), "Religion in Greek Literature" (1898), "Letters of B. Jowett" (with E. Abbott, 1899), "Tragic Drama in Æschylus, Sophocles, and Shakespeare" (1904), besides various school editions and minor works.

Archibald John Little, traveller and author, died in London November 5 at the age of seventy. He was born in London and at the age of twenty-one went to China and established the Chungking Trading Company. He was a frequent contributor to periodical literature; among his books may be mentioned "Through the Yangtse Gorges," "Mount Omi and Beyond," and "The Far East."

The death is announced of Robert Fitzroy Bell, secretary to the Scottish Universities Commission. He was the founder of the *Scots Observer*, to which W. E. Henley contributed some of his most characteristic writing.

ENGLISH PROSODY.

A History of English Prosody. By George Saintsbury. Vol. II. From Shakespeare to Crabbe. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.75 net.

This second volume, a book of nearly 600 pages, confirms the opinion that Professor Saintsbury is here in a field peculiarly suited to his talents. In his other exhaustive work, "The History of Criticism," where the estimation of purely literary values was crossed by many currents of philosophy and history, he was pretty nearly at his worst—he can at will sound the depths of bathos—and left one always with an uneasy feeling that, in summing up the work of any critic, he was perhaps missing precisely what that critic stood for. In his present work, granted his manner of treatment, the reverse is true; one feels that he almost always selects what is salient and deals with it adequately. It is the fact that a good deal must be granted. As a book of reference for the student who wishes statistics, definitions, tabulations, and the

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like, the work is next to useless. Characteristically enough, the two chapters which deal with the prosodical theorizers of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries are decidedly the poorest in the volume. Here Professor Saintsbury's touch-and-go flippancy is not entertaining, but annoying. Perhaps no one could lend much human interest to the metrical discussions of the Areopagites in the days of Queen Elizabeth, or to the treatises of Bysshe and his followers under the Georges; but at least one might give a clear notion of just what these misguided gentlemen were doing and saying, whereas Professor Saintsbury, it must be admitted, only adds his own perfunctory pertness to the reader's probable ignorance.

In these things Professor Saintsbury is weak, but they are a negligible part of his plan. He is strong in his treatment of metre from the purely literary point of view, as the means for producing certain æsthetic effects. So frankly does he merge prosody in this larger field that it is often almost lost to sight, and there are scattered through his pages innumerable bits of general criticism as keen as are to be found in any of his supposedly less technical treatises. As an example of excellent criticism, where the metrical point of view is still kept, we may mention his paragraph on Jonson's famous lyric, "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eeyes," put together from fragments of Philostratus. "The triumph, the charm," he says, rightly, "is in the way in which bits of mere prose are turned into a magical unity of living verse. The single trochee at the beginning, never repeated *as a foot*, but thrown back to by the trochaic words 'only,' 'nectar,' 'rosy, etc.; the subtle beauty of the four-times-repeated rhymes, each of the resonant and suggestive quality, in the even places, and the long-distanced ones in the odd; above all, the ineffable and almost intolerable cadence and soar of the whole, are things that cannot be admired, studied, rejoiced in too much." Again the whole section dealing with Prior is admirable for its union of metrical and æsthetic judgment. One feels here how intimately associated are the mechanical instrument of verse and its poetical effect. It follows as a result of this method of criticism that Professor Saintsbury is most precise, not when he is defining, but when he is describing metrical impressions by means of metaphor. It is not every critic who could make the contrast of Shakespeare's and Milton's blank verse as vivid as this:

> That marvellous billowy flow of verse on which Shakespeare floats us, with an occasional break or ripple, but mostly "too full for noise or foam," is not what Milton aims at. His verses do not float; they march, and march magnificently, quickening and slackening, altering formation slightly, but always with more touch of mechanism in them than we find in Shakespeare, with more of the earth, and less of the wind and the water, if with hardly less of the fire, in their composition.

This is something more than an irrelevant purple patch; it is a climax to Professor Saintsbury's regular mode of approach.

There are three great moments in the prosodic history of the period, each of which Professor Saintsbury treats, again granting his method, with equal judgment and knowledge—the development of blank verse, of the Caroline lyric, and of the heroic couplet. Blank verse introduces us to the Elizabethan drama; and here, we think, Professor Saintsbury is stronger in his brief estimations of some of the minor poets, particularly Marlowe and Chapman, than of Shakespeare, where his paragraphs sprawl in a certain disarray. From the utter decomposition of blank verse under Suckling and the other Caroline dramatists, he then passes to Milton, where he is at his best, and very good. Here a definite problem keeps him to the point: whether Milton admitted extra syllables into his lines; or, to give a specific illustration, whether he read his verse

> May I | express | thee unblamed? | since God | is light.

or

> May I | express | th' unblamed? | since God | is light

The question touches the root of prosody and compels Professor Saintsbury to come closer than anywhere else to developing a tangible theory. He has first to repudiate the accent-counting tribe, who mark off a certain number of accented syllables in the line—five or four or three—and let the rest of the syllables huddle about as they will. For these gentlemen, these theorizers driven to madness by the goad of Teutonic chauvinism, he has ridicule and regret. He perceives rightly that they are the victims of pedantry and of perverted hearing. "I have," he says, "no organs which will enable me to patter or skate over three short syllables in

ănd ĭn lŭxū | rious cities where the noise,

till I clutch, panting, the blessed *u* of *-urious.*'" And he likens this kind of scansion "to a drunkard staggering from post to post"—or better:

> But the most perfect simile to my fancy is one the material of which most people know who have been unlucky enough to be quartered in a railway hotel on the side overlooking a shunting yard. They will remember how, in the dead waist and middle of the night, they were aroused, and kept awake till it was time to get up, by something like this—
>
> RAM!.....ra-RAM!....ra-ra-ra-RAM!....
> RAM-ra-RAM!..ra-RAM-ra!....RAM!

The simile is as characteristic of Professor Saintsbury's prose as of the theory he is combating. He is emphatically right, we think, in making the foot the essential factor of rhythm, and in insisting that such a line should be considered as made up of five parts, thus:

> And in | luxu | rious cit | ies where | the noise.

But at this point he comes into conflict with a contrary set of theorizers, more common in the past when pedantry consisted in enforcing a rigid regularity, than to-day when pedantry oftener swings to an impatience with all rules whatsoever. In Milton's day, and for long after, most practicers and students of blank verse regarded it as made up of feet of two syllables each, without exception. If an extra syllable tried to get in, it was either repressed by hypostrophation, or, if that was impossible, regarded as a sheer interloper. Any one who has read the books printed at the time knows with what riotous tyranny the apostrophe is used to delete offending syllables, reducing *the* to *th'*, *be* to *b'*, *countenance* to *count'nance*, etc. Milton's own poems were so printed, and might lead one to suppose that he admitted no exception to the normal ∪ — | ∪ — |. Against such a supposition Professor Saintsbury has marshalled an array of examples from "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" which ought to convince any fair-minded reader that Milton's verse is full of the most exquisite substitutions of trochee and anapaest and spondee for the regular iamb. We should differ with Professor Saintsbury on a minor point only, which is perhaps a mere matter of words. It seems to us probable that Milton himself looked upon these substitutions as irregularities introduced to prevent monotony; that he did not regard the anapaest "thee unblamed" as an equivalent of the iamb "th' unblamed," but as a permissible suspension of the smooth flow of the rhythm. In many substitutions, where the utterance of three syllables cannot be crowded into the normal time of two, this is undoubtedly true in fact; in other cases it would mean that Milton's ear and theory were not in agreement. This whole discussion brings us to the verge of that awful abyss at the bottom of which lie whitening the bones of so many prosodists: What is the *foot*, and what, if anything, is quantity? Professor Saintsbury, with his usual jauntiness, waives the question; but he promises a chapter to it in his third volume, and until then his critic must also suspend judgment, although it may be said that many sentences in the present volume point in the right direction, while a few are ambiguous.

Over the treatment of the Caroline lyric and the heroic couplet we must pass rapidly. Professor Saintsbury is never more eloquent than when he discourses on the beauty of the "common measure" as used by the Carolineans. The peculiar qualities of that stanza are really a discovery of his own, and

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he is within his right in adopting a boastful tone when analyzing them. Of the development of the couplet he gives the best account extant, particularly in his skilful discrimination between the two currents in the seventeenth century, the one, of which Chamberlayne is the leader, tending toward excessive enjambment; the other, including Waller, working for absolute regularity. The second movement won the day, as every one knows, with the Restoration poets. Despite his notoriously romantic sympathies, he deals pretty fairly with this stopped couplet, which in comparison with its freer sister was likened by Keats to a rocking-horse beside Pegasus. Over Dryden, at least, he is enthusiastic, even if Pope is manifestly antipathetic to him and Goldsmith he absurdly underestimates. And some of the shrewdest of his remarks touch on the inevitable harmony of phrase and idea with the form of this metre. In enumerating the advantages of the stopped couplet within its own field, he, however, fails to lay sufficient emphasis on its value in that moral criticism of life which was the first aim of the eighteenth century, and he misses altogether its usefulness in tiding the poet swiftly and neatly over the uninteresting points of a narration. Had he seen these two qualities of heroic verse, he would have had a better word for Crabbe.

These three—blank verse, the Caroline lyric, and the heroic couplet—are the main themes of Professor Saintsbury's second volume, but many minor movements are included. He is excellent, if a little too indulgent, over the Elizabethan sonneteers; has many suggestive observations on the eight-and-seven-syllable lines; shows how the anapaest was first really dignified by Dryden and Prior; falls foul of the lyric of the eighteenth century, utterly missing, as some will think, the true qualities of Gray and Collins. On the whole, the book is wisely planned and executed, and makes good reading even of prosody.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Diva's Ruby. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is the third, and we hope the final, appearance of the least readable of Mr. Crawford's heroines. As "Fair Margaret" she was bad enough; as "The Primadonna" worse; and as the Diva she is a sheer weariness of the flesh. It is sad to find this skilful *improvvisatore* reduced at last to such feeble inventions. His air of nonchalance, of the popular performer who may safely do his second-best, increases almost as rapidly as the list of his works. Really, there is little to be said of such story-telling as this; an able-bodied, intelligent, grown man ought to be in better business. One cause for gratitude we have here: the famous Paul Griggs, official strong man of Mr. Crawford's fiction, is permitted a needed rest. It was painful to find him in "The Primadonna" once again trotted out and put through his weight-lifting exercises. Rufus Van Torp, the American financier, is the only person in the present tale with any pretensions to human reality, and he is as much bogy as man. In fact, he is a Paul Griggs of the financial world, one of your ugly heroes with a will of iron, who bowls over whatever obstacles come into his path by dint of sheer "cussedness." At the end of "The Primadonna," it will be recalled, Margaret Donne (or Madame Cordova) accepted Logotheti, the Greek-Parisian and financier, and the rival of Rufus Van Torp for her hand. But Rufus did not know when he was beaten, and it would seem to be an object of the present tale to show what happens when Yankee meets Greek. It must be said, however, that fate holds as strong a hand against Logotheti as Van Torp's. The peaceful adjustment of the difficulty, at least, is due to the affair of the rubies. The ruby story has the elements of a brilliant and fantastic romance, and it is a disappointment, after the first chapter, to be brought back to Madame Cordova, Mr. Rufus Van Torp, and their not very thrilling amours.

It may be said, further, that Mr. Crawford ought to brush up his American slang. It is all very well for Van Torp to say of a certain mildly amusing Mrs. Rushmore, "She's got the celebrity habit"; but when he says, by way of explanation, "She's a dandy after lions," he is voicing the mere invention of an exiled fancy.

The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. By John Fox, jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is melodrama—granted; but melodrama of so high a grade, so joyous an enthusiasm, and so compelling an interest as to give its reader an hour of uncritical pleasure. The life depicted calls for dark shadows and for splashes of color, and Mr. Fox has spared neither the one nor the other. On the first page, June's red gown strikes the keynote sustained through the book. Some of the characters grow wearisomely blatant, but the majority of the participants in the Falin-Tolliver feud furnish a skilfully subordinated, though lurid, background for the principal theme. John Hale, a young engineer, looking for coal in the mountains of Kentucky, finds simultaneously an apparently rich vein of cannel and a beautiful young mountain girl. He makes the most of both treasures, the coal by mining, the girl by education. The coal proves but a pocket, and he becomes poor in purse, though by personal sacrifice he keeps June in happy ignorance at school. When she returns, exquisite and accomplished, and finds her benefactor and betrothed a poor man, coarsened by toil in manner and appearance, it seems for a time that he is to be beggared in heart as well. June's native nobility, however, rises to the recognition of his, and we leave the pair holding fast their long-deferred happiness. This story is delightfully set among the mountains, which the writer, as usual, describes with intimate knowledge and love.

Angel Esquire. By Edgar Wallace. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Thoughtless people often confuse the detective story with the dime novel. As a matter of fact, most dime novels are not stories of crime and bewilderment, but tales of adventure, in which the interest is sustained by nothing but the sheer swing of the action from page to page. The publishers of "Angel Esquire" are in error, therefore, when they describe the book as a "rattling good detective story." It is not a detective story, but that much rarer thing, a dime novel as well written as detective stories have been since Poe and Conan Doyle showed us how. There is in the book but one attempt at employing the machinery of mystification and prolonged suspense, and that is quite unsuccessful. On the contrary, we have from chapter to chapter a succession of conflicts and heroics which are of the very essence of the dime novel. There is a brilliant outlaw who is good at heart and holds a roomful of cutthroats at bay until some one puts out the lamp; there is a detective who pulls the good outlaw through a secret door just as he is about to be bludgeoned to death; there is a wicked lawyer who has turned his house into a labyrinth of secret closets, traps, and sealed steel chambers in which he does away with his enemies by flooding the room with the fumes of hydrocyanic acid. To tell of such things with really exceptional literary grace, as the author has done in the present instance, is even harder, we imagine, than to raise the detective story to the level of literature.

Amabel Channice. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: The Century Co.

Miss Sedgwick has gone over to the enemy. We have grown used of late years to the division of new fiction into the exclusive categories of the "quite clever and dreary" and the sweetly flat. The keen and subtle analysts, the unflinching realists, the genuinely powerful portrayers of passionate emotions and dramatic situations have so long concentrated their energies on what the average reader, with half-shrinking fascination or wearied dislike, denominates "unpleasant" that we have almost for-

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gotten that "strong" applied to a modern novel can mean anything but strong-smelling, and that though ginger may be hot i' the mouth, gingerbread is none the less good wholesome food. Almost—but Miss Sedgwick's novels, exquisitely subtle, penetratingly analytical, undeniably original, still from time to time unfolded their delicate charm to prove that there remained one writer whom no one could call obvious or *banal*, and who yet could find endless material for her talent in the characters and feelings of men and women unstained by the grosser vices. Now she has fallen from her high estate. In "Amabel Channice" we have the woman with a past, the illegitimate child, the lustful man of the world, the fashionable beauty unashamed of a twenty-years' liaison—in short, the same sickening old stock-figures we have come to expect in "powerful" fiction. This is not to say that Miss Sedgwick does not wear her rue with a difference. There are taste and dignity in her handling of her theme; there is fine character-drawing in the portrait of her unusual heroine; above all, there are the rare insight and sense of spiritual values which, on the whole, constitute Miss Sedgwick's chief distinction, in her treatment of the relations between her characters, especially at crucial moments. But oh, the pity of it!

Salthaven. By W. W. Jacobs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The author is here at his most characteristic. The growth of his familiar episode into a book has not impaired its quality. His droll figures and his inventive ways of involving them in adventure seem inexhaustible. We meet again his mariners ashore indulging in every conceivable wile and eccentricity; his dames, buxom, coy, or flirtatious; his land oddities of many sorts; and two young persons of positive attractiveness, the rough-running of whose love is the pretext for the continuous vaudeville of the story. Through all the new varieties of mask, the voice remains the voice of Jacobs. There is provender for all his many readers from the enthusiastic admirers to those who simply do not mind him.

The Description and Natural History of the Coasts of North America: Acadia. By Nicolas Denys; edited by William F. Ganong. [No. 2 of the Publications of the Champlain Society]. Toronto: The Champlain Society.

No more interesting or important work bearing on the early history of Canada could have been selected by the Champlain Society for publication at the time of the Quebec Tercentenary than this painstaking account of the geography and natural history of what is now Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, with parts of Quebec and Maine; nor could there be a better editor than Professor Ganong, whose studies of the times of Denys and the principal theatre of his American adventures have made him the first authority on this and kindred subjects. It is strange that a definitive edition should have been delayed so long, when we reflect that Denys's narrative has, from the moment of its publication in 1672, been the storehouse from which later writers have borrowed.

The parentage and youth of Nicolas Denys are somewhat obscure, but he was born at Tours in 1598 of a family closely allied to the lesser nobility, if not actually noble itself; and the lack of education shown in his journals indicates that he probably ran away to sea at an early age. We first hear of him in 1633 at Port Rossignol, near the present town of Liverpool, in Nova Scotia, where, in company with several other Frenchmen, he established a deep-sea fishery. From this time until his death in 1688, probably at Nepisiguit, in the present province of New Brunswick, he spent his life on this side of the Atlantic, and almost entirely in the then French province of Acadia (including Nova Scotia and parts of the adjacent provinces, which went under the name of L'Amérique Septentrionale), acting for the most part as agent or partner of adventurous Frenchmen, whose influence at court had secured grants of land and privileges, the inevitable vagueness of which led to never-ending bickerings and even bloody quarrels among the grantees. His days were filled with adventure, success alternating with failure, hardship, and even imprisonment. The culmination of his career came in 1654, when he was appointed by the King to be Governor and Lieutenant-General over an immense tract, embracing half of Acadia and the whole island of Newfoundland, together with a monopoly of the fisheries on the coasts of Acadia "as far as Virginia." With his wife and two children he reigned at Saint Peter's like an independent prince. His cast of mind, however, and his objects in life were always more commercial than political; his attention was wholly occupied with the Indian trade and the fisheries. In 1667 his prosperity suffered a severe reverse through a controversy with a rival, La Giraudière, in Nova Scotia; and the next year the destruction by fire of his entire establishment at Saint Peter's brought on his financial ruin. Soon afterwards he returned to France, where he published his book, and where he continued to reside for some years, leaving his son to represent him in Acadia. The latter part of his life was spent in more or less successful attempts to secure regrants of lands and privileges which had lapsed on account of his inability to fulfil the conditions of his original charter. The final result of all these negotiations was the formal revocation of all his charter rights and the grant, in their stead, of an extensive seignoury at Mirimichi, which, however, was not actually confirmed until after the death of Nicolas, when his son Richard inherited the estate.

Denys, as has been indicated, was a man of no education, and his book possesses no charm of style; but his omnivorous eye and his painstaking, businesslike method of observation and narrative have resulted in a mass of information in regard to the geography, resources, and fauna of the old Acadia. Professor Ganong's superb volume comprises an historical introduction, a bibliography, a bibliographical description of Denys's book (this part contributed by Victor H. Paltsits), a full list of collateral documents, an excellent translation of the two original volumes, sense for sense rather than word for word, and, finally, Denys's original French text. The well-reproduced illustrations consist mainly of title pages and cuts from the original work, and photographs of the sites of many of Denys's establishments. There are also a dozen helpful maps. Professor Ganong has used as the basis of his task the copy in the Harvard University Library, and he has wisely reproduced it "in every particular, letter for letter, misprints, errors, and all, as nearly as modern type can be made to do so."

General History of Western Nations from 5000 B. C. to 1900 A. D. Part I.: Antiquity. By Emil Reich. 2 vols.; pp. xxvi.+485; x+479. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

These two volumes belong to the author's projected "Bibliotheca Historica," which is to comprise three elaborate historical atlases, two volumes of source material, and a series of monographs, centring about a "General History." The last-named work, beginning with the two volumes here under review, will be continued in a volume on Christianity, and several others will be required for bringing the subject down to the opening of the twentieth century.

A noteworthy feature of the present work is its iconoclasm. The author has nothing good to say of current methods of historical research. For instance, he sets it down as a fault of recent historians that, while recognizing the importance of personality for well-known times, they have absolutely eliminated it from pre-history. Lycurgus, Theseus, and Romulus have been abolished, and the institutions ascribed by the ancients to their authorship are now declared to be the result of long developments. But this theory of development is, in the eyes of Dr. Reich, effectually opposed by the typical fact that Moses could have done for Israel what we know

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Mohammed did for the Arabs. The author attacks, too, the current economic theory by means of a counter-proposition that economic causes were not active in ancient Greece and Rome. Race, which still receives much attention from historians and archæologists, is unimportant; for people are speedily remoulded by every new environment. Craniology, which was to give us the clew to the beginnings of history, has no scientific foundation. The evolutionary theory, implying general progress, has not been proved:

> It is more (or perhaps less) than doubtful whether we are really superior to the Greeks, or even to the Romans; and whether the festival day of mankind was in Athens under Pericles or in New York under Mr. Cleveland.

This destructive spirit runs throughout the work.

But the author is equally active in the reconstruction of history on principles which are in great part new. He aims "to do for history what Bichat has done for anatomy, Bopp and Pott for linguistics, or Savigny for Roman law." His treatment is general, not in the sense of being a summary, or digest, of special histories, but rather of a study of general facts. History he regards as a unit; its process is one paramount current—the Europeanization of all humanity. Europeanism may be analyzed into three principal elements, Hellenic civilization, Roman polity, and the Christian religion. The growth of a nation, like that of an individual, is largely the result of conflict. Those nations have developed most which have had powerful enemies to contend against. The intellectual superiority of the Phœnician, for example, is to be explained by the nearness of great powers in the valleys of the Nile and Euphrates; that of Hellas is due to the ever-present danger from the Orient. The chief influence on a nation, at least in the early stages of its existence, accordingly, is not geographical but geo-political. An exposed nation is not only stimulated by conflict, but gains inestimably by the influx of strangers:

> The foreigner, whether he arrives in compact masses or individually, is one of the richest types of history. As a rule his very status as a foreigner quickens his energy, his wits, and endows him with a certain superiority over the native population, from whose national weaknesses he is often free.

Secondary to geo-politics are economic conditions, the relation of man to woman, personality, and ideals. These are specifically the five forces which, in the view of Dr. Reich, have had most to do with shaping the destiny of every nation.

The value of these synthetic principles, whatever it may be, is largely offset by the glaring faults of the work. It contains many errors of detail; long periods, like that of the emperors, are inadequately treated; the theories it upholds are often pushed to extravagant lengths; and the spirit of the author is unnecessarily combative and egotistical.

Rousseau and the Women He Loved. By Francis Gribble. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75 net.

Mr. Gribble has seen fit to attach a sensational title to a book of real importance. The fact that, however one approaches Rousseau, whether biographically or critically, one runs against the women he "loved," so far from justifying mention of them, makes it redundant. Mr. Gribble argues wittily in defence of it, maintaining that you have but to murmur to yourself "Charles Darwin and the Women he Loved," or "Immanuel Kant and the Women he Loved," to see by contrast how philosophical a conception is hidden behind the present title. A suspicion of the commercial motive lurks, however, in the mind.

A new life of Rousseau might have been predicted at about the present time. Since Morley's was written, a good deal of fresh biographical material has come to light, necessitating in some instances a fresh critical estimate. Lemaître's brilliant book of a year or two ago, which is likely to give form to the popular judgment for some time, rather irritatingly ignores these accessions to knowledge, although some of them at least had come to his notice; and while Lemaître disclaims the title of a biography he argues a good deal from biographical premises, sometimes unsound. His primary confession, "J'ai pu me tromper sur quelques faits," must, in fact, recall the famous exordium of Jean Jacques himself: "Commençons par écarter tous les faits." Mr. Gribble is, of course, not without obligations to M. Lemaître. His philosophical and literary conclusions are generally in accord with those of the French critic, and add but little to the body of current opinion. A difference of religious feeling, it is true, leads the two writers to different estimates of such matters as the discussion with the Archbishop of Paris, but they look at their subject with the same air of mingled pity and disgust, and treat it with the same epigrammatic finality. But Mr. Gribble has been at pains to use the facts which M. Lemaître presented in so little detail. The most striking innovations are perhaps three.

In the first place, the whole question of Rousseau's life at Les Charmettes is revised in view of the documents published by M. Mugnier. Among these is the lease of Les Charmettes, the scene, according to the "Confessions," of an idyll. But this lease shows that Madame de Warens took possession of Les Charmettes, not in the summer of 1736, as Rousseau says, but two years later; in other words, after Wintzinried had become his rival. In the dry light of this fact, the whole story of the "Confessions" fades away. Other evidence helps to show that, instead of being the chosen comrade of Madame de Warens in her retreat from the world, he was an awkward third party, often left to himself in paradise, and living at the expense of a woman whom he had ceased to interest. Les Charmettes is doubtless still a shrine for sentimental pilgrims; but these must henceforth realize that it was the scene of one of the greatest love stories of literature, not of history. Mr. Gribble believes that its composition, when Rousseau was old and unhappy, when his mind was weakened, when he realized that he had never attained the happiness he had dreamed of, was a half-unconscious effort at self-consolation. He had pretty nearly come to believe that he had had a romance, as George IV came to believe that he had charged with the Guards at Waterloo.

Mr. Gribble makes full use, too, of the family papers published in 1904 by Auguste de Montaigu, a descendant of Count de Montaigu, the ambassador to Venice, whom Jean-Jacques, his secretary, abuses so freely in the "Confessions." Rousseau's well-known account of the matter gives him the centre of the stage; he was practically the head of the embassy, was intrigued against, was unjustly and insolently dismissed and robbed of the salary that he had earned. After one hundred and thirty years, the ambassador's version came to light. He had written home that his worthless secretary was dismissed for insubordination, for forging custom house certificates, and for general impudence. His salary was withheld until certain just claims on it had been satisfied. Among other things, Rousseau had presented bills for expenses he had not incurred. As luck will have it, Rousseau corroborates the charge by writing in the "Confessions": "From Lyons, I should have liked to take the Mont Cenis road in order to pay a passing visit to my poor mamma." The inference is that he did not go to Chambéry, but he said that he had been there and was allowed his expenses for the journey. The memorandum is in the Montaigu archives.

The most important and wide-reaching contribution of the last few years to Rousselliana is Mrs. Macdonald's discovery of the alterations made, in the handwriting of Grimm and of Diderot, in the manuscripts of Madame d'Épinay's "Mémoires," to conceal their treacheries toward Rousseau; yet this discovery is dismissed by Mr. Gribble in a footnote with the remark that it is "a fine piece of literary detective work, though it need not make as much difference as

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she thinks to our estimate of Jean-Jacques's character." That is as may be. Perhaps our estimate of Rousseau's conduct in the actual affair of Madame d'Houdetot, with its ramifications as recounted by himself does not need the sinister coloring of Madame d'Épinay's version. But when we note that the main phenomenon in his psychological history is the gradual growth in his mind of a persecution-mania, which finally clouded his whole sky, it is surely worth while to find that no man had ever better cause for first entertaining the idea. Rousseau was treated by this group of friends as a sensitive child is often treated by shrewder companions. He was habitually teased and mystified. By the cruel coöperation of his playmates, he was always "it." His uneasy sense of the untrustworthiness of his friends is substantiated by Mrs. Macdonald's researches; and seeing the lengths to which they were willing to go, we must admit that a stronger head than Rousseau's might have received from the events which led to his leaving the Hermitage a tendency towards the *folie de la persécution*.

Of Rousseau's incontestable place among the forces that have influenced history, Mr. Gribble is somewhat impatient. He seems to ask himself how it can be. The "Contrat Social" commits suicide by self-contradiction; "Émile" embodies a system which can only be carried out in circumstances so abnormal as to be virtually unattainable; the "Nouvelle Héloïse" limps along from one dilemma to another, improvising a new theory of life when the old one has landed the story in an *impasse*. And yet the publication of these absurdities has changed the aspect of a great many things. Nature and women and the whole plight of mankind are seen under a different light. Mr. Gribble gives it up; he says it is "genius," and lets it go at that. M. Lemaître also gave it up; when he compared the meagre fund of thought in Rousseau's work with the immensity of its influence he declared him to be "strange, mysterious, tragically predestinate, and, much more than he to whom Renan applies the formula, 'créé par un décret spécial et nominatif de l'Éternel.'" Rousseau is, in fact, a nightmare to the quantitative critic. He analyzes him into so many parts of Montaigne, so many of Tronchin, so many of Madame de Sévigné, or what not, and is powerless to explain why a combination of these relatively peaceful ingredients becomes a source of prodigious radio-activity. The truth is that even people whose business is with style do not fully recognize how mighty a matter it is. Doubtless, the style of a great writer, even more than the voice of a singer or the beauty of a woman, is the better for the accompaniment of reason; but, after all, it is, like them, independent of it. A man who could write like Rousseau needed not to be a thinker. He could have persuaded his world to ancestor-worship or to Christian Science, to celibacy or to polyandry, to a diet of nuts or to cannibalism, for 'tis style that makes the world go round.

A Motor-Flight Through France. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

Mrs. Wharton's new book is brought out in a handsome, dignified form which suggests her "Italian Backgrounds," but, unfortunately, in the place of Peixotto's charming drawings, it is weighted down, both literally and metaphorically, with many stupid, obvious photographs on heavy glazed paper. Was Mrs. Wharton too indifferent to the outward form of her book to make any choice of illustrations? One suspects it, for something of the same indifference, the same formlessness is true of her own part in the work. The enormous overplus of material, the crude arrangement in three unrelated, unbalanced narratives, the absolutely abrupt ending, as of a letter of which the last page has been lost, all insistently suggest the pot-boiler. There's odds in pot-boilers, however, and no one but Mrs. Wharton could have written one like this. If she has neglected form in the mass, she never ceases to be the artist in detail. Never has her felicity of expression, her choice of the one right word, been more evident or more sure. The sentence we italicize in the following excellent sketch applies very neatly to the author's own style:

> Save in the church itself, how frugally all the effects are produced—with how sober a use of greys and blacks, and pale high lights, as in some Van der Meer interior; yet how intense a suggestion of thrifty compact traditional life one gets from the low house-fronts, the barred gates, the glimpses of clean bare courts, the calm yet quick faces in the doorways! From these faces, again, one gets the same impression of *remarkable effects produced by the discreetest means*.

The more one appreciates Mrs. Wharton's rare powers of analysis and of imaginative reproduction, the more one wishes she had concentrated them upon one region and given us a picture of a French province as complete and unforgettable as that of Northern Italy in her "Valley of Decision." In elaborating such a study she would have had time to record more of such shrewd and pleasant reflections as those which occur to her as she contemplates the nose of the sculptured Cardinal in Rouen Cathedral:

> We live in the day of little noses: that once stately feature, intrinsically feudal and aristocratic in character—the *maschio naso* extolled of Dante—has shrunk to democratic insignificance, like many another fine expression of individualism. And so one must look to the old painters and sculptors to see what a nose was meant to be—the prow of the face; the evidence of its owner's standing, of his relation to the world, and his inheritance from the past.

But the motor is waiting, and Mrs. Wharton and her reluctant readers must rush on. For motor-travel as a means of seeing the country she makes an ingenious plea, but her own tale refutes her. Nowhere does she remain for more than the briefest of impressions, and again and again she is whisked past the very places she longs to see. And the reader, most of all, is left lamenting.

In recounting such tours as these, much space is naturally given to architecture, and here Mrs. Wharton frankly and engagingly owns herself an amateur, pleading cleverly for "the kind of confused atavistic enjoyment that is made up of historical association, of a sense of mass and harmony, of the relation of the building to the sky above it, to the lights and shadows it creates about it—deeper than all, of a blind sense in the blood of its old racial power, the things it meant to far-off minds of which ours are the oft-dissolved and reconstituted fragments." Strong in her confidence in this "lesser yet legitimate order of appreciation," she does not hesitate to use the word "Gothic" in the good old "literary," unstructural sense—as in her description of Beauvais; indeed, one almost wonders that, being thus free from bondage to the precisians, she does not pause to worship the wonderful appealing "Gothic" of St. Ouen at Rouen, a Gothic just touched with coming decadence, a pathetic grace like that of Fletcher after Shakespeare, or that she fails to see in the grave front of Noyou, austerely bare, a kinship in spirit if not in structure to the grim Norman abbey-churches at Caen.

To sum up, one may say that this is a book to give keen pleasure to all who have themselves visited the scenes which Mrs. Wharton recalls so surely and charmingly, but that it is too wide in scope, too crowded with detail, too hasty in movement, to be very satisfactory to the untravelled.

Science.

"Medical Inspection of Schools" (New York: Charities Publication Committee) is "one of the by-products of the research supported by the Russell Sage Foundation for the purpose of studying so-called 'retardation' among school children." The authors, Dr. Luther H. Gulick, former director of physical training in the New York public schools, and Leonard P. Ayres, superintendent of the Porto Rico schools, 1906-1908, are at once statisticians, critics, and practical advisers. The volume brings together substantially all the methods and

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details of medical inspection practised in European and American schools. Charts and forms used in discovering and following up physical defects and disease are reproduced; laws governing school physicians are accurately reported; and four typical systems of administration explained. Not a few significant conclusions are drawn. For instance, the investigators favor the creation of a medical staff, which shall be under the control of the educational authorities, and which shall be charged with the duty of examining pupils for non-contagious defects. To the layman the most surprising verdict, however, is that reached in the study of retardation and physical defects. It is shown that children outgrow many of the afflictions which interfere most seriously with learning:

> No other conclusion seems possible as an explanation of such great falling off as we have in the case of enlarged glands, with which 40 per cent. of the six-year-old children suffer, but which are found present in only 12 per cent. of the sixteen-year-old ones; or in that of defective breathing, where the reduction is from 21 to 10 per cent.; or in that of adenoids, with a fall from 23 to a little over 2 in the same years.

This statement exposes the fallacy in those much-aired statistics which, by reckoning chiefly with the two lowest grades, register a terrifying percentage of defectives among New York city school children. Cautious without quenching enthusiasm, lucidly exhaustive and admirably arranged, the monograph will assist not a little in the great work, scarcely begun, of supplying the sound body that is needed for the sound mind.

A very good teacher may find a few helpful suggestions in A. Davison's "Human Body and Health" (American Book Co.), but the pupils for whom it seems to be intended will find much of it decidedly misleading. The book is abundantly illustrated, yet many of the pictures, despite a general typographical excellence, can only confuse the student; a few are admirable, a large number ridiculously unclear or wrong. Here and there the author shows familiarity with recent progress, as, for example, in describing the movements of the stomach and Schaefer's method of artificial respiration, which, however, is not fully and correctly explained as to its practical application. Each chapter ends with some "suggestions for the teacher" which must cause the reader to suspect that neither author nor teacher has a call to teach physiology. Last of all comes a sort of glossary containing several curiosities, the chief of which is that "Mas'saging" is "pressing or squeezing any part of the body in a definite way," a most comprehensive definition.

Old English gardens are at once brought to mind by the title, "Holly, Yew and Box," by W. Dallimore (John Lane Co.), but the volume deals with these three elements of the garden, rather than with the garden itself. The illustrations of English holly trees are exceedingly effective, and indicate the high value of these plants in the construction of picturesque combinations. The minor illustrations, which show the great variety in shape and margin of the holly leaf, will surprise every reader who has seen only the common forms used for Christmas decorations. When to the wide differences in shape one adds the wider differences in the color of the leaves, it is easy to see why the group should have attracted such careful attention from the late Mr. Moore and the author of this treatise. The volume contains much besides a mere botanical review of the holly. The patient box, which has borne so much mutilation from formal gardeners, and the sombre yew also, find here congenial treatment, but they and a few other evergreen trees are kept a little out of proportion by the greater space deservedly assigned to the hollies. Lovers of trees and of the folk-lore of trees will find in this work much of deep interest.

Otis Tufton Mason, since 1884 curator of ethnology in the National Museum, and since 1902 head curator of the department of anthropology, died at Washington, November 5. He was born at Eastport, Me., in 1838, and was graduated from Columbian University. He was a member of many scientific societies in this country and Europe. Among his writings are: "The Hupa Indian Industries," "Woman's Share in Primitive Culture" (1894), "Origin of Inventions" (1895), "Primitive Transportation," "The Land Problem," "Cradle of the North American Indians," "The Antiquities of Guadeloupe," and "Aboriginal American Basketry" (2 vols., 1904).

News comes by cable of the death, November 8, at the age of sixty-one, of Prof. William Edward Ayrton, electrical engineer and inventor. He was educated at University College, London, was from 1873 to 1878 professor of natural philosophy and telegraphy at the Japanese Imperial College of Engineering, and since 1884 professor of electrical engineering in the Central Technical College, South Kensington. His publications include "Practical Electricity" (eleventh edition), and many papers in scientific journals.

Drama.

VICTORIEN SARDOU.

Victorien Sardou, the dean of French dramatists, died November 8 after an illness of several months. His death causes the sixth vacancy this year among the forty "Immortals."

For nearly fifty years Sardou was prominent among the dramatists of France. He was born in Paris in 1831, the son of a professor who wrote classical books for students. From the first, therefore, he lived in a literary atmosphere. As he grew up, he began to study medicine, but a little later turned to history. He was desperately poor, and in order to continue his study he was obliged to give lessons in history, philosophy, and mathematics—he had been educated in the College of Henry IV—and to write occasional articles for reviews and newspapers. In these varied occupations he laid the foundation of that mass of miscellaneous information, especially historical and archæological, which was of such value to him in after life. Soon he was led to try his fortune in the theatre. His first attempt was a serio-comedy entitled "Les Amis imaginaires," some of the ideas of which he afterwards worked up in "Nos Intimes." What became of it, no one knows. His second venture, when he was only twenty, was more ambitious, an historical tragedy, called "La Reine Ulfra." He dedicated it to Rachel, but she would not listen to it. "No, no," she exclaimed; "a piece laid in Sweden is impossible; tell the young man to write a Greek tragedy, and, perhaps—who knows?—I will play in it."

In 1854 he completed a piece, "La Taverne," which was accepted at the Odéon. Some one in authority thought that it would be a good idea to get the word "students" into the title, and so the piece was announced as "La Taverne des étudiants." Unfortunately, the students conceived the notion that the piece was an assault upon them, and they practically hissed it from the stage. At last Sardou had a stroke of good fortune. Being poor, he had, of course, got married, and his wife, Mlle. de Brécourt, brought him to the notice of her friend, the famous actress, Déjazet, who then directed the theatre that bore her name. She took a lively interest in his work, produced a number of his plays with success, and so started him upon his career. His "Candide" at once made him a man of mark among contemporaneous playwrights, and he confirmed good opinions with "Les Premières Armes de Figaro." He next made a hit with "Les Gens nerveux," in which he had Theodore Barrière as a collaborator. But the triumph which he won with "Les Pattes de mouche" was all his own. This play, known on the English stage as "A Scrap of Paper," was recognized immediately as one of the cleverest of modern comedies. It was evident that a new master in the art of stage situation and plot development had arisen.

It is not necessary to enumerate all Sardou's plays. A mention of the most successful will suffice. His comedy, "Les Femmes fortes," was well received, but was excelled in almost every way by "Nos Intimes," a comedy which held its own for many years upon the French stage and has been adapted repeatedly. His "Les Diables noirs" was suppressed by the censor; but he was soon to the front again with a variety of plays, including "La Famille Benoîton," which is generally admitted to be one of his best works. This also has been adapted under a number of titles. Among the pieces next in order were two of his sensational social plays, "Séraphine" and "Fernande," both well known in this country and England. After the war, when political animosities were bitter, M. Sardou brought out a political comedy, or lampoon, called "Rabagas," dealing with contemporaneous personages and events, with a boldness and clearness of allusion and a vigor of caustic comment which were

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often the cause of riotous demonstrations. Gambetta was the object of some of his fiercest attacks. The piece was played all over France, and provoked disturbances wherever it was heard. This was followed at no long interval by his "L'Oncle Sam," which was suppressed by the censor on the ground that its ridicule of republican institutions would give offence in the United States. This advertisement only attracted attention to the piece, which, after a few judicious emendations, was produced in this country with considerable success. He then entered upon a period of brilliant invention, in the course of which he wrote the romantic melodrama, "Ferréol," which had a long run at the Union Square Theatre in this city; "Dora," famous here as "Diplomacy"; "Daniel Rochat," in which the question of religious marriage was argued; and "Divorçons," one of the cleverest and most cynical of comedies. In 1881 he began a new phase by writing a series of plays for the use of Sarah Bernhardt and other star performers. The first four of these were "Fédora," "Théodora," "La Tosca," and "Cléopâtre." For Coquelin he invented "Thermidor," with its theatrical use of revolutionary records; for Réjane, "Madame Sans Gêne"; for Henry Irving, "Robespierre," and the pretentious but sadly inadequate "Dante."

Even this long list does not begin to exhaust the tale. Sardou wrote librettos for the musical stage, fairy pieces, theatrical recollections, a novel or two, and various addresses, including that which he delivered when admitted to the French Academy in 1878. He was also a competent stage manager. He conducted his own rehearsals, and no detail of the representation escaped him. A natural actor, he interpreted each of his characters for the instruction of the professional performers.

So copious and so varied was his output; so constant his popularity after his early years of failure; so substantial his acquirements that his name is surrounded by a certain glamour, which makes it difficult to see him in his true proportions. Of his commanding abilities, his wide and curious, if not always profound, learning, his keen power of observation, his satirical and humorous gifts, his grasp of life in all its external phases, his rare faculty for devising and solving dramatic problems, and his extraordinary sense of theatrical situation, there can be no question. He was a master of the mechanical arts of play-building. Yet he will never be accorded a high place in the ranks of creative dramatists; for he was not a creator in the true sense of the word, as he dealt with incident rather than character.

It is no disparagement of his great natural gifts to say that he was fortunate in his time and his opportunities. The French stage was well supplied with dramatists when he came upon the scene, and, although he was too capable to be exposed to the temptation of plagiarism, he was too alert not to avail himself of the lessons taught by the best contemporary models. One can trace in his plays the influence of Augier, Feuillet, D'Ennery, Dumas, Belot, Meilhac, Halévy, Scribe, and others. He did not, however, obliterate the memory of the predecessors in whose footsteps he followed. His social plays will not bear close comparison, except in the matter of construction, with those of the younger Dumas; he never wrote a better melodrama than D'Ennery's "Les Deux Orphelines," or a more effective theatrical romance than Feuillet's "Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre." The best work of Augier—such plays as "L'Aventurière," "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," or "Les Effrontés," for instance—possesses qualities beyond the range of his capacity. Then, too, his several plays for star performers were marvellously adapted to their purpose; but in spirit and quality they were essentially theatrical and commercial.

Thus it was, that for the theatre of high ideas, in spite of his fertile fancy and executive genius, Sardou did little. He was an opportunist, prompt to recognize and eager to gratify the cravings of a popular taste, without seeking to elevate or direct it. The scope of his ambition may be calculated from the size of his fortune. As a theatrical artificer he was supreme, but mechanics are not the whole of drama.

THREE NEW FRENCH PLAYS.

PARIS, October 24.

The Paris season has opened with three diversely noteworthy plays, among others which do not rise above the average level of stage amusement. "Le Bon Roi Dagobert," by André Rivoire (at the Théâtre Français) is a poetic, if not a theatrical, event. The author is the most taking versifier of his generation of poets—a man of thirty-six—the youngest generation being made up of poets of twenty. He describes his work as a "fantasie"; translated, with the daintiness of the verse vanished and the light love comedy coarsened, it might seem little more than an operetta among plays. The piece uses the popular legend of the old Merovingians as the author's poem "Berthe aux grands pieds" had already done. Every French child knows about the good King Dagobert, so absent-minded that he put on his breeches wrongside out, and his prime minister, the good St. Eloi, whose business it was to put everything right. I doubt if even a dark-age saint would stand moral sponsor for the fantastic young King's absent-minded love between his Queen and her handmaiden, ending in packing the Queen back to Spain and "off with her head!" for the handmaiden. The command is executed as it was for Alice in Wonderland, to the relief of the audience, who actually are moved by the poetic fancies and the refined acting. It is doubtful if an Anglo-Saxon audience would rise to the poetic point of view, which, in the absence of the light gayety of the verse, might be quite lost in what would be thought the essential impropriety of the story.

"L'Émigré," by Paul Bourget (Théâtre de la Renaissance), has been done by the novelist without collaboration of any professional playwright. It is done over, rather than extracted, from the novel. The story is known: a noble, whose ancestors for a thousand years have served France, is a forced emigrant, so to speak, in his own country, the Republic having no use for Frenchmen like him. His son, in spite of tradition and education, takes up with the new order, even when Church and Army—all that remains vital of the old—are attacked. Paul Bourget's theory of "L'Étape," that in families there is no profitable leaping up or downward across intermediate stages, gives him the tragic story: this renegade to his order is not its genuine scion; an adultery long past explains how he came into the species; and his marriage, after reconciliation, takes him away from it, leaving the old marquis the last of his race. Paul Bourget has made visible efforts to portray fairly the two Frances, and his play has interested, without leading up to incidents which sometimes make the French stage resemble a political hustings. Can it bring Old France and New nearer to believing in the good faith and real merits of the other?

"Israel," by Henry Bernstein (Théâtre Réjane) has naturally less literary merit than the two other plays and more theatrical mechanism. It has also six letters in the title, to which this successful playwright seems to hold. It is a bold attempt on the part of an Israelite author to bring the French Jew and the anti-Semite Frenchman face to face on the stage. The plot is nearly a counterbalance for Paul Bourget; the young hero, noble in name, "vive-l'armée!" and anti-Semite, learns that he is the adulterous son of the Jew—and commits suicide. Of course, the piece is not evolved so baldly as that; there is brought out in action an entire theory or Aryan and Semite, and particularly the idea that there are Jews on both sides of everything. The play well wrought, with Réjane at her tragic best, could not prove a failure; but it has given offence, which outside of divided France could not be understood. Even M. Bernstein seems unconscious of it, which is just as well for the play's fortunes.

S. D.

"The American Stage of To-day" (Small,

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Maynard & Co.) consists chiefly of the reviews—with amplifications and additions—written by Walter Prichard Eaton in his capacity of dramatic critic of the New York *Sun*. Mr. Eaton is a young man of much natural ability, fortified by extensive reading, who has a copious vocabulary, a fluent and attractive style, a pretty wit, the courage of his opinions, and a fine contempt for those who do not happen to agree with them. But he is lacking in catholicity of taste, breadth of view, and power of comparison. Nevertheless, his essays, with their curious admixture of common sense and vagrant or flippant fancy, provide excellent entertainment and contain a variety of wholesome truths about existing theatrical conditions. But the brilliancy of expression is seldom attended by corresponding solidity of judgment. Mr. Eaton's admission that "he has no hard and fast theory of the drama" is significant. He adopts for his motto "Scire quod sciendum," and, in his zeal for what he calls realism—a term which in so far as it applies to the theatre is sadly in want of scientific definition—seems to think that nothing that is human should be alien to the stage. This, of course, would open the floodgates. He holds that the ideal of the modern theatre is the recreation of reality "as surely, as vividly, as directly as possible." In common with other advocates of the decadent stage, he fails to perceive that to restrict the theatre under the false pleas of truth and realism to the reproduction of the actual, or, rather—for such is the "progressive" tendency—of whatever is strange, repellent, or abnormal in vital experience, would be to strip it of imagination, destroy its chief claim to be counted among the arts, and leave it without excuse for existence. All true lovers of the theatre cling to "one hard and fast theory" about it, and that is that it ought in itself to exemplify a combination of all the arts, and be one of the most powerful moral and educational influences at the disposal of civilization. Unfortunately, few contemporary writers about the stage are old enough to have good standards to judge by. This is proved by the extravagant laudation bestowed upon the inferior performers of the present day. They find the poetic drama dull because it is no longer capably interpreted.

The highly praised "Lady Frederick," one of the earliest comedies of W. S. Maugham, which has had a year's run in London, was presented in the Hudson Theatre of this city on Monday evening, and failed to justify all the high expectations founded on reports. It is a piece of no particular brilliancy, originality, or purpose—bearing many marks of juvenile imitativeness and inexperience—but it is a not unskilled variation of an ancient theatrical theme, is written with considerable smartness—of a somewhat cheap order—and contains some effective theatrical situations. A reformed rake of mature years is called upon by his sister to rescue her son from the clutches of a woman whom she believes to be a mere adventuress. He recognizes in the enchantress a brilliant Irish woman, with whom long ago he was deeply in love himself, and attempts to influence her first by means of cajoleries and then by veiled threats. She retaliates in kind, and, having compromising letters in her possession, proves a formidable antagonist. The duel is lively while it lasts, but in the end she displays great magnanimity, disillusions the amorous youth by revealing the secrets of her toilette, and disproves the most damaging reports about her own character. Thereupon the reformed rake marries her himself. This is a story of the theatre, not of real life. Both the incidents and the personages have often done duty before. Mr. Maugham's use of them is that of the clever amateur and the dialogue which he has written, although full of humorous lines, savors too strongly of the lamp, to create the impression of spontaneous wit. Moreover, it loses much of its legitimate point at the Hudson through incompetent utterance. Miss Ethel Barrymore has the beauty but none of the brilliancy—either of mood or manner—appropriate to the adventuress, and Bruce McRae is hopelessly miscast as the man of the world. The only really satisfactory performer is Miss Jessie Millward, and she has little to do and no one to play up to her.

St. John Hankin is the author of a new one-act comedy, called "The Burglar Who Failed," which has just been produced with success at the Criterion Theatre in London. It is the story of a housebreaker who, while in the pursuit of his regular business, is confronted by a muscular and courageous young woman, who beats him into subjection with a hockey-stick. Then he becomes penitent, tells a pitiful tale about his professional discouragements and the difficulties of reformation, and so works upon her sympathies that she connives at his escape and gives him the promise of honest employment on the morrow. The burglar was represented by that excellent comedian, Ferdinand Gottschalk.

Many of the leading actors and actresses of the British stage have decided to give a matinée in His Majesty's Theatre, London, November 30, in recognition of the dramatic art of Italy, as represented by Adelaide Ristori, to whose memory a monument is to be erected at her birthplace, the village of Cividale, in Italy. The programme is being arranged by H. Beerbohm Tree in coöperation with Sir Squire Bancroft, Sir W. S. Gilbert, Sir John Hare, and Sir Charles Wyndham. The list of the committee includes the names of practically all the distinguished actors on the British stage and of many eminent painters.

Music.

A NEW OPERATIC POLICY.

Operatic managers and their press agents have a habit of magniloquently proclaiming each new season as the most brilliant ever planned. For once this assertion may be accepted as an approximation to the truth. The constellation of operatic stars to be seen and heard during the next twenty weeks at our Metropolitan and Manhattan Opera Houses is dazzling. Leoncavallo lamented not long ago that it was useless to write any more operas in Italy until New York gave back to that country the great singers whose patriotism could not resist American dollars. Germany laments the loss of her best singers, and so does France; while we have so many of these great vocalists that some of them will get what has been wittily called "hush money," since it will be impossible, especially at the Metropolitan, to give the guaranteed number of appearances, which nevertheless must be paid for. Among the noted singers to be heard this season are Destinn, Eames, Farrar, Fremstad, Gadski, Morena, Sembrich, Gay, Homer, Bonci, Burgstaller, Burrian, Caruso, Schmedes, Reiss, Campanari, Goritz, Feinhals, and Scotti, at the Metropolitan; and Melba, Garden, Tetrazzini, Labia, Zenatello, Dalmores, Renaud, Sammarco, Gilibert, and Dufranne, at the Manhattan.

Notwithstanding this array of talent, the singers are by no means to have everything their own way. Heretofore it has been generally the policy to trust to the fact that, in the opinion of the large paying public, "the singer's the thing," and the opera of secondary importance. But of the present season the popular singers are not to be the only feature; we are to have a number of new and interesting operas. For this reform Oscar Hammerstein is responsible. His surprisingly successful experiment of producing operas by Charpentier, Debussy, and Massenet that had been previously shunned, refuted the inveterate belief that the public does not want operatic novelties. Pleased with his success in venturing where Mapleson, Grau, and Conried had feared to tread, he is about to make his local patrons acquainted with Massenet's "Griselidis" and "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," Breton's "Dolores," Jan Blockx's "La Princesse d'Auberge," which will be absolutely new here; and Massenet's "Manon," Saint-Saëns's "Samson et Dalila," and Bizet's "Les Pêcheurs de perles," which to most of our opera-goers will be as good as new. It is to be regretted that to these he is going to add the morbid "Salome" of Richard Strauss.

It is probable that even if Mr. Hammerstein had not set a good example, the new managers of the Metropolitan would have paid more attention than their predecessors to fresh works. The versatile Andreas Dippel is in sympathy with operas of all schools, new and old, and Mr. Gatti-Casazza, during the ten years of his management of La Scala in Milan, made a specialty of producing new operas in Italian, French, and German. The joint managers have been casting about for unfamiliar operas to enliven the stale Metropolitan repertory, and their promises, most of which will probably be kept, are certainly alluring to those who believe that in music as in literature and the drama new productions should have a hearing. Of special interest will be

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D'Albert's "Tiefland," the most successful German opera since Humperdinck's "Hänsel and Gretel"; Humperdinck's new opera, "The Children of the King," which is to have its first performance here on any stage, probably under the composer's own direction; and Goldmark's "The Cricket on the Hearth." Italy will be drawn on for two works new here—Puccini's "Le Villi" and Catalani's "La Wally"; while Paris will contribute its latest success, Lapana's "Habanera." Bohemia is to be represented by Smetana's "The Bartered Bride," and Russia by Tchaikovsky's "The Queen of Spades." "The Pipe of Desire," by Prof. F. S. Converse of Harvard, is also promised. This will be, as the prospectus says, "the first work by an American composer to be heard at the Metropolitan Opera House." One cannot help wishing that this honor had been bestowed on the "Azara" of Professor Converse's predecessor, John K. Paine.

The difficulty of launching new operas successfully in this country has been due largely to lack of good singers and to the fact that production has been delayed till near the close of the season, when it was almost impossible to give the requisite number of repetitions. Over and over again it has been shown that even such operas as have inherent vitality have to be kept on the stage for a time at a loss, before the public patronizes them to a profitable extent. The Metropolitan can afford to take the risk of such loss, though it is not great, because the subscription there is so large as almost to cover the expenses in any contingency. The conditions, then, are full of promise to composers. Nothing stimulates production like encouragement. Debussy, for example, allowed his pen to rust because no one seemed to want his "Pelléas et Mélisande"; but he set to work at once when he heard of the happy fate of his work in New York, which led to its acceptance at a number of German opera houses; and he has already promised the Metropolitan managers two new scores, one on the subject of Tristan, the other based on a tale by Edgar Allan Poe.

The new operas will not only be sung by leading artists, but they will have the benefit of the improvement made in the choral and orchestral forces. The managers of the Metropolitan, having *carte blanche* in the matter of expense, have engaged two choruses and two orchestras, one for works in Italian and French, the other for the German operas and those that are to be sung in English. This will insure the advantage of division of labor and give more time for rehearsing.

With a performance of Puccini's "Tosca" the season of grand opera was opened at the Manhattan on Monday night. The experience of two seasons has taught Oscar Hammerstein that if he would succeed he must produce operas with an ensemble of stars. He had four on this occasion—Maria Labia, Giovanni Zenatello, Maurice Renaud, Charles Gilibert, and with the aid of Cleofonte Campanini, they gave one of the best performances of Puccini's opera ever heard here, although this work is one of the trump cards of the Metropolitan. Zenatello is no Caruso, but at times, he comes very near being one; he sang the part of the lover admirably. In the rôle of the Sacristan, Gilibert showed once more that in the hands of a great artist no part is small. Renaud had to contend against the Scarpia of Scotti, one of the strongest impersonations to be seen at the Metropolitan. He could not surpass this vocally, but in make-up and action the Frenchman was even more remarkable than his rival; his Scarpia was the sanctimonious, lascivious, and cruel "cross between a confessor and a hangman," as Sardou's imagination conceived him. Special interest attached to the Tosca of Signora Labia, the young Italian soprano, who won fame in Berlin, and who made her American début. She emphasized the appealing, womanly side more than her predecessors, Ternina and Emma Eames, did. Her voice is of beautiful quality, and endowed with genuine dramatic feeling.

Edward MacDowell had a premonition that he should not live after his forty-fifth birthday. He was always distrustful of his powers, and severely critical toward his own music; some time before his mind began to fail he destroyed all the manuscripts he did not wish to leave behind. He spared, however, "Lamia," his third symphonic poem, and his widow, a few months ago, placed it in the hands of Arthur P. Schmidt of Boston, who published it. As soon as it had left the press, it was produced at a concert of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; the same orchestra played it in this city last Saturday afternoon, and on the previous evening it was performed at one of the People's Symphony Concerts in Carnegie Hall. The impression made at the first hearing was that the piece was well worth producing, and this impression was deepened at the second hearing, when the superior membership and training of the Boston orchestra enabled the conductor to reveal the youthful MacDowell's astonishing instinct for rich, varied, and appropriate coloring. The composition is an embodiment in tones of the moods inspired by the story of Lamia. MacDowell was not a believer in the Berlioz-Strauss style of programme music which attempts to follow such a story step by step; his symphonic poem is therefore simply an attempt to produce in the hearer's mind a succession of moods or emotions such as are aroused by reading Keats's poem; and in this endeavor he has succeeded admirably. The melodies and harmonies are not so individual as those in his last sonatas and songs; but they are, nevertheless, fascinating, and it is likely that "Lamia" will be heard hereafter quite as often as his other orchestral works.

The dancing of a Beethoven symphony by Isadora Duncan at the Metropolitan Opera House last Friday afternoon surely was something new under the sun. It remained for this American woman to accept literally Wagner's remark that that master's seventh symphony is "the apotheosis of the dance" and to endeavor to reflect in her bodily movements and facial expression the emotions suggested by the music. Beethoven did not even use a poetic "programme" for his symphonic works except in the "Pastoral," and that he did in an apologetic manner. What he would have said to Miss Isadora Duncan's execution of a mimic-saltatorial programme can only be imagined by those who know in what strong language he sometimes expressed himself. The combination spoiled the music, from which it distracted attention, without offering as a substitute anything worth looking at more than ten minutes, for Miss Duncan's mimic gifts are limited. She copies her postures from Greek statues and vases, and apparently sees no incongruity in associating these with modern German music. She is to appear next Saturday in a series of dances illustrating the music in Gluck's "Iphigénie en Aulide." Here, at any rate, the subject is Greek and the incongruity of the procedure will be less obvious.

Wassily Safonoff will begin the sixty-seventh season of the New York Philharmonic Society with two concerts at Carnegie Hall Friday afternoon and Saturday evening. There will be many new players in the orchestra. Arthur Hartmann, who has not hitherto been heard in this city, will be the violin soloist. The programme comprises Toccata in F, Bach-Esser; overture, "Manfred," Schumann; concerto for violin, No. 3, B minor, Saint-Saëns; and tone poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," Richard Strauss.

August Vianesi, the first conductor of the Metropolitan Opera House, died in this city November 3. He was born eighty-one years ago in Milan and was selected by Victor Maurel to go to Paris to conduct the performances at his Théâtre des Italiens. His success was so great that he was invited to become first conductor at the Opéra in Paris. Then in 1883 Henry E. Abbey brought him to this country, but at the end of the season he returned to Paris. When Abbey & Grau resumed the management of the Metropolitan, Signor Vianesi came back to New York. Later he conducted the French opera in New Orleans. For the last ten years he had been teaching in New York.

Art.

Allgemeines Lexikon der Bildenden Künstler von der Antike bis zur Gegenwart. Unter Mitwirkung von 320 Fachgelehrten des In- und Auslandes, herausgegeben von Dr. Ulrich Thieme und Dr. Felix Becker. Vol. II. Leipzig: Verlag von Wilhelm Engelmann; New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.

Vol. II. of the Thieme and Becker Lexicon of Artists (see the *Nation* of May 21, p. 474) leaves us in doubt as to the possibility of completing the work in twenty volumes, as proposed. If A takes up at least a volume and a half, so that the second volume only brings us to Bassan, there would seem to be a deliberate purpose of crowding

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the later parts of the alphabet in the fashion, say, of the French "Biographie générale"—a plan by no means praiseworthy. But everything in the two volumes as we have them affords great hope for the completeness and excellence of the whole work.

This second volume does not contain so many celebrated names as the first. Antoine-Louis Barye, sculptor and painter, is perhaps as important as any, and he receives nearly three columns. Good judgment is shown in avoiding the natural tendency to assign too much importance to the small bronzes which, of all Barye's work, are best known outside of France. The larger monuments are well appreciated, though not all of them are described—we do not find mention of those set up in Baltimore by Henry Walters. Fra Bartolommeo della Porta properly calls for more extended treatment, not so much because of higher rank in art, as because of the vast amount of information accessible in relation to that typical painter of the early Italian renaissance. The article, signed Fritz Knapp, takes up five pages, including the brief list of the works contained in different galleries of Europe. It is curious to note that nearly two hundred persons are entered under the names "Bartolommeo" and "Bartolomeo," so that it becomes the student to remember the familiar surname of the one great man "of the city gate" in Florence. Arnolfo di Cambio, the architect, receives nearly nine pages by K. Frey, and this, although the first sentence declares: "Ueber Sein Leben und seine Werke besteht spärliche Kunde." One of the purposes of the Lexicon, however, as stated in the first preface, is to treat fully the biographies of artists upon whom little has been written, while less space is allotted to artists, even of importance, who have been the subjects of much discussion. But it is evident that, with great buildings to be described, the church of Santa Croce, the new cathedral at Florence, and tombs at Orvieto and Rome, much is to be said of the artist, even if the details of his life are meagre.

Among Americans, George Grey Barnard, the sculptor, receives a column by Edmund von Mach. We are inclined to regret the brevity of this contributor's notice of Paul Wayland Bartlett, a sculptor strong in completed work and strong in promise. His work, in collaboration with J. Q. A. Ward, as in the great pediment of the New York Stock Exchange, does not seem to be mentioned. Several American architects have brief notices—Grosvenor Atterbury, D. Maitland Armstrong, and James D. Baker; but one of the most admirable designers of modern times, George Fletcher Babb, is omitted from the list. The late Henry O. Avery is named as an architect, and his father, Samuel Putnam Avery, as an engraver, which indeed he was, in his youth; but it is perhaps a matter of regret that the father's great services as art collector and patron, and as founder of the Avery Architectural Library, a memorial to the son, should receive no mention at all. It is, however, a question how far other than purely technical production should be considered in the Lexicon. Thus, in the long notice of Adam von Bartsch, space has been reasonably well apportioned between the little-known engravings by that artist and the renowned Dictionary of Engravings; but the bibliographical account of the great book in its twenty-one volumes has been less interesting to the writer than the judicious and careful work as draughtsman and engraver on copper. The Avery Library, indeed, would not deserve mention but for its unequalled excellence and extent, and its unique quality as being limited, by severe regulations, to architecture and the arts of decorative design.

Korean and Japanese art is treated under the names of Arihisa, Ariië, Ariyasu, Asa, and Baiitsu, and these articles are accompanied by bibliographies and lists in which European as well as Oriental books are named and paintings of importance are catalogued. The art, revived in very recent times, of printing in full color from mezzotinted plates, is recognized. Four lines signed by E. Richter are devoted to S. Arlent-Edwards, who lives in Williamsbridge, N. Y., and has made a reputation by his large mezzotint engravings printed in strong and vivid colors.

English names and titles in this volume seem to be given more accurately than in the first; and yet it is hard that Douglas Jerrold's name should be printed with two curious blunders, occurring as it does in the bibliography which follows John Wykeham Archer, the English engraver and painter.

The *Rassegna d'Arte* for October contains an important article by Francesco Malaguzzi-Valeri on Campione, Lake of Lugano. This village contains numerous remains of old sculpture, which are fully illustrated, but curiously enough almost nothing by those stonecutters that made its name famous in the fourteenth century. A series of frescoes representing the story of John the Baptist reveals the influence of Giotto, and may be dated within a generation of his time. A Last Judgment, signed Lanfranco and Filippo di Veri, of Milan, 1400, has many northern characteristics, and seems a kind of anticipation of the manner developed by certain Lombards and Veronese of the fifteenth century.

The *Zeitschrift für Geschichte der Architektur*, a monthly magazine under the editorship of Dr. Fritz Hirsch, has just completed its first year of existence. In the list of contributors are such names as Joseph Strzygowski and Wilhelm Dörpfeld. Among the varied contents of the first year, there is a series of interesting articles on the primitive aspect of the exterior of the Theodoric tomb at Ravenna by Strzygowski. The *Zeitschrift* also brings carefully prepared reports and bibliographies from France, Belgium, Italy, America, etc. The English and American section is in the hands of Morton H. Bernath of New York city. The publisher is Carl Winter's Universitätsbuchhandlung, Heidelberg.

One of the most interesting archæological achievements in recent years was the opening of the Sancta Sanctorum, the ancient private chapel of the Popes, near (formerly in) the Lateran in Rome. It had long been known in scholarly circles that the chapel contained treasures that might throw much light on mediæval Roman art—a chapter by no means sufficiently known. Hartmann Grisar, S. J., professor in the University of Innsbruck, whose reputation rests on his monumental work on Rome and the Popes during the middle ages, at last received from Leo XIII and afterwards from Pius X, the permission not only to enter the chapel, but also to open the altar, and its thirteenth century grating, behind which is the treasury. The contents surpassed all expectations. Many products of ecclesiastical art, such as jewelry, ivory carvings, pixides, enamels, and textiles almost perfectly preserved, were brought to light. These furnish excellent illustrations of the activity of Byzantine artists in Rome, from the ninth to the twelfth century. The results of the investigations of Father Grisar, together with excellent reproductions of the important pieces, are contained in his recent volume "Die römische Kapelle Sancta Sanctorum und ihr Schatz: Meine Entdeckungen und Studien in der Palastkapelle der mittelalterlichen Päpste" (Frieburg-im-B.: Herder).

Hans Mackowsky's "Michelangelo" (Berlin: Marquardt & Co.) is a substantial volume of more than four hundred pages, containing sixty-one reproductions of the works of Michelangelo, by heliogravure process, with a scholarly, yet popular, discussion of the artist. The book contains a good index.

Among the recent accessions to the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts are fifteen pictures willed to it by Mrs. Martha T. Fiske Collord. They consist of two small studies of Italian peasants, by William M. Hunt; George H. Boughton's The Edict of William the Testy; specimens of Daubigny, Neuville, Detaille, Gérôme, and Meissonier; Munckácsy's The Music Room, and a little water-color by Fortuny, Moors on Horseback. A marble group by Rodin, La Main de Dieu, has been presented by Edward D. Adams, a member of the board of trustees.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are prints by Albrecht Dürer at Frederick Keppel & Co.'s, till November 30; engravings by Lucas van Leyden at Ederheimer's; and etchings by several men, including D. Y. Cameron, at Wunderlich's.

Antoine-Auguste-Ernest Hébert, the historical painter, died in Paris November 5. Born at Grenoble in 1817, he became a pupil of David d'Angers and Delaroche; in 1839 he gained the Prix de Rome; later he received the grand cross of the Legion of

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Honor. Among his better-known pictures are The Cup Found in the Sack of Benjamin, Tasso in Prison, The Daughters of Alvito, The Virgin in Paradise, Spring, and The Kiss of Judas.

The death of the Danish artist, Lorens Frölich, is reported to have occurred the 25th of last month, on his eighty-eighth birthday. He had illustrated many books for London and Paris publishers, and the National Museum in Fredericksborg Castle contains a series of frescoes by him on the Danish Conquest of England.

Finance.

THE MARKETS AFTER ELECTION.

It is a familiar habit of the American business community—which is at heart always optimistic, and rightly so—to fix an absolute date, in cases of depression, for the resumption of full activity and prosperity. Sometimes that date is "after the January settlements"; sometimes it is "when the harvest is assured"; sometimes, as in the present instance, "after the election." All such exact pinning down of expectations, where the practice is general, leads inevitably to the postponing of plans or orders until the time thus designated, and therefore to a sudden increase afterward. On occasions the rest of the chapter has proved that the business community was right in fixing revival thus contingently; on occasions the event has turned out otherwise. Election news, as the sequel proved, was the real and immediate turning-point for trade in 1900; it was not in 1896. How about 1908?

Mr. Taft's election was expected, and, on the Stock Exchange, at any rate, it had been "discounted." But there are two other considerations. One is, whether, even with the anticipative rise in stocks and increase in merchandise orders, there was not a great body of financial and industrial activity which had been held back so long as any uncertainty remained. Secondly, although Bryan's defeat had been generally looked for, so complete and overwhelming an overthrow had by no means been predicted. It will, therefore, be necessary to inquire, not only to what extent uncertainty as to the election had been a blight, but whether the resounding verdict for conservatism does not introduce a new and "undiscounted" factor. The second is an interesting question. What does the vote, taken by itself, signify from the financial point of view?

With the party in power during the recent panic winning in the electoral college a majority so near to that of the prosperous year 1904, it is reasonable to ask whether such apparent absence of a "discontented vote" does not indicate that the notion of hard times and consequent discontent have been imaginary. This view can hardly be assumed off-hand. By the really accurate test—the popular plurality—Mr. Taft's lead seems to have been less by at least a million votes than Mr. Roosevelt's of four years ago. If this estimate be correct, then half a million votes have theoretically swung to the other side; which is exactly what happened after the panic of 1893. The difference is that the defection in 1908 came from a previous plurality of 2,500,000, whereas the plurality of the administration party, prior to the election of 1896, was only 369,000. It is remarkable, however, that this loss, as compared with 1904, was heavier in the agricultural States, where there is little or no after-panic adversity, than in some of the Eastern industrial centres. Thus, in Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, and the Dakotas, Taft's pluralities were less than half of Roosevelt's, whereas in New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, pluralities appear to have actually increased. This is a perplexing outcome, from the point of view of industry as well as politics. Whether it means that Eastern wage-earners are not so badly off as was supposed, or only that distrust of Bryan has been cumulative among Eastern voters, is not clear.

The question as to the permanent effect of the vote on industry is quite as complicated. It is generally admitted that a certain amount of orders was deferred by merchants and middlemen until after election. This could not have been done, and it was not done, in 1904, because demand from consumers was so large that retailers did not dare to let their stock run low. It was easy to do this year, because demand was slow and doubtful, and manufacturers were able to make quick deliveries. It followed logically that the demand, as soon as the satisfactory result was known, should be not only urgent and general, but should be large in proportion as orders which should normally have been executed in October were put over until after November 3. How large these actual postponements were, no one can tell exactly, the next few weeks may throw some light upon the matter. But, in any case, the more important problem is, what will happen when the merely deferred orders have been filled? If the consumer's attitude is the same as a month or two ago, then, once the merchants' shelves and yards are as well stocked as at the opening of autumn, we shall necessarily see "dull trade" again—as, for instance, when the four weeks of postponed purchases, following the Presidential vote of 1896, had been completed. There remains, on the other hand, the possibility that the consumer has himself been timid. It is conceivable that he has hitherto refrained from making purchases, not because of poverty, but because he feared bad times as a consequence of Bryan's possible election. If so, then the upward movement may be indefinitely prolonged.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Atkinson, Eleanor. Boyhood of Lincoln. McClure. 50 cents net.
Austen, Jane. Mansfield Park. Dutton. $2.
Bachelor Belles. With Illustrations by Harrison Fisher. Dodd, Mead. $3 net.
Bacon, Josephine Daskam. An Idyll of All Fools' Days. Dodd, Mead. $1.25.
Baker, Ray Stannard. Following the Color Line: An Account of Negro Citizenship in the American Democracy. Doubleday, Page. $2.
Banks, R. W. The Battle of Franklin. Neale Publishing Co. $1.25.
Barbour, Ralph Henry. My Lady of the Fog. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Barus, Carl. Condensation of Vapor, as Induced by Nuclei and Ions. Third Report. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Bird in Song, The. A Collection of Poems. Edited by Robert Sickert. B. W. Dodge.
Bosvile, Godfrey. Horses, Horsemen and Stable Management. Dutton. $2 net.
Bradley, S. C. Jesus of Nazareth: A Life. Boston: Sherman, Trench. $2 net.
Bronson, Edgar Beecher. Reminiscences of a Ranchman. McClure.
Buchanan, James. Works. Edited by John Bassett Moore. Vol. V. 1841-1844. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Bureau of American Ethnology. Twenty-sixth Annual Report, 1904-1905. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Butler, Ellis Parker. That Pup. McClure.
Butler, Samuel. Characters and Passages from Note-Books. Edited by A. R. Waller. Putnam.
Card Club Record. Chicago: Brewer, Barse & Co.
Carus, Paul. God: An Enquiry and a Solution. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. $1.
Carus, Paul. The Foundations of Mathematics. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. 75 cents net.
Catholic Church in the United States of America. To celebrate the Golden Jubilee of His Holiness, Pope Pius X. Vol. I. Catholic Editing Co.
Chamberlin, Rollin Thomas. The Gases in Rocks. Washington: Carnegie Institution.
Chaucer, Geoffroy. Les Contes de Canterbury. Traduction française. Paris: Félix Alcan.
Children's Treasure Trove of Pearls. Edited by Mary Wilder Tileston. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Confessions of S. Augustine. Dutton. $2 net.
Conover, James P. Personality in Education. Moffat. $1.25 net.
Converse, F. H., and Others. Adventures at Sea. Harper. 60 cts.
Converse, Florence. The House of Prayer. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Curtis, A. C. The Good Sword Belgarde. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Cutten, George Barton. The Psychological Phenomena of Christianity. Scribner. $2.50 net.
Daniels, John. An Outline of Economics. Ginn & Co. 40 cents.
Doyle, Arthur Conan. Round the Fire Stories. McClure.
Du Bois, James T. Fun and Pathos of One Life. Neale Publishing Co. $1.
Elm-Tree Fairy Book. Edited by Clifton Johnson. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.50.
Epistle to the Hebrews. Edited by Edgar J. Goodspeed. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Ewing, Juliana Horatia. Six to Sixteen. London: George Bell.
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